BLUE AND GRAY

1904 1913

MOUNTAIN VIEW
PIONEER & HISTORICAL
ASSOCIATION

DEDICATION

The Class of June, 1913, dedicates this issue to the members of the Mountain View High School Faculty in sincere appreciation of their efforts to make us individuals of strong personal character.

Blue and Gray

Class of 1913

Mountain View, California
June 26

Esto Quod
Esse Videris

"BE WHAT YOU SEEM TO BE"

In Ancient days a sculptor great
A costly marble slab obtained,
And compensation great he paid;
But of its price he ne'er complained,
For was not all his soul imbued
With inspiration from above?
For he had caught a gimpse of truth
With beauty's all compelling love.

Ceaseless he toiled and slowly grew
The thought his happy heart held dear;
Out from the spotless marble slab
Arose a figure, pure and clear,
Of Truth, with all its lessons there.
Written upon each curve and line
A message to the waiting world,
To soften men and to refine.

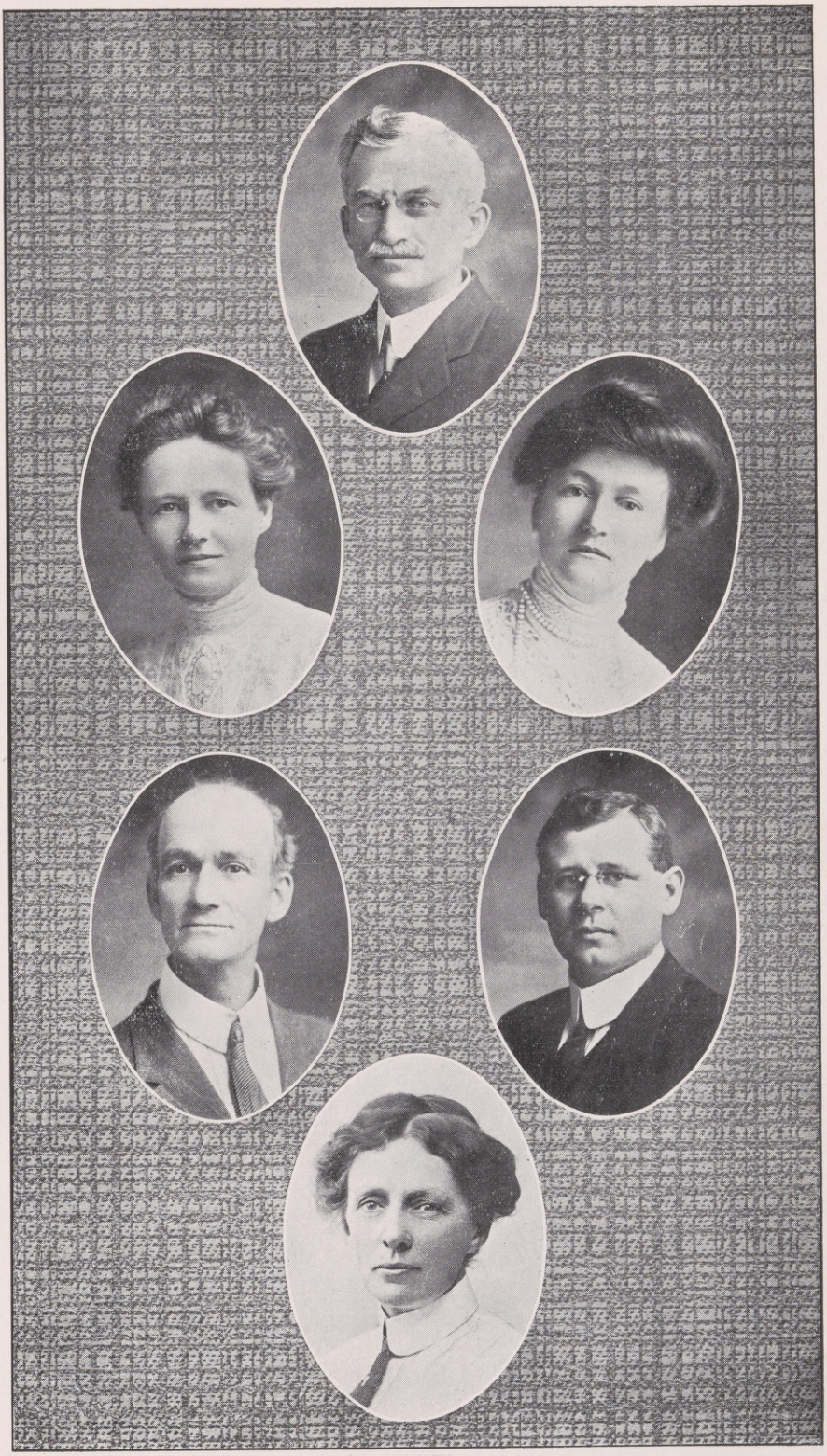
But when the work was nearly done,
One fatal stroke revealed to sight
The marble, in its heart had held
For countless years, some pebbles bright;
And now the place where they had lain
The statue's spotless form did mar.
His work was spoiled; his dream was ruined;
These scars, from Art, his work would bar.

But the sculptor, as he gazed upon it,
Had lost the dream he'd pictured there,
And, rather than be true and forfeit
The praise of men, that he held dear,
With melted wax, the holes he covered,
And marble dust upon them spread
Until the form seemed pure and spotless;
But the Truth, he'd patterned, lo, had fled.

A few short years Truth stood serene,
With influence great o'er men's welfare,
'Till piercing winds and changing weather,
Laid bare the sin committed there;
And men lost faith in truth eternal
And there seemed none they could believe,
For the statue, that this truth embodied,
Was not e'en what it seemed to be.

Now, Classmates, for ourselves we've chosen
These words, "Be what you seem to be."
And may we learn the truth here told,
And from temptation ever flee
That offers to us for the moment,
Success, if we will but deceive.
But count the cost in years before us,
And be just what we seem to be.

ALICE EASTWOOD, '13.



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June '13

MARGUERITE MOORE

From every blush that kindles
in thy cheeks,
Ten thousand little loves
and graces spring
To revel in the roses.

ALICE EASTWOOD

A truer, nobler, trustier
heart
More loving or more loyal
never beat.
Within a human breast.

ADA WYMAN

There was a soft and pen-
sive grace
A cast of thought upon
her face,
That suited well the fore-
head high,
The eyelash dark and
downcast eye.

REGINALD HARCOURT

They say he's dying all for love.

EMMA MILLETT
Heart on her lips and soul within her deep, dark eyes.

ETTA DYER
Cares not a pin what they say or may say.

MARY LOGUE
Dark in hair and eyes was she.

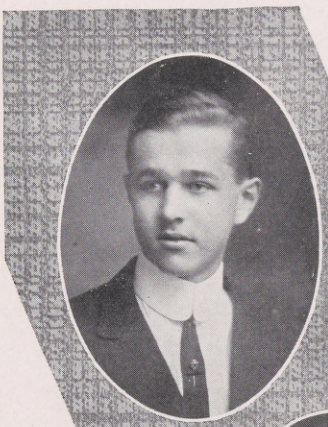
ERNEST LOUCKS
As he speaks great thoughts come forth.

CLARENCE KENSLER
All the women in the world could not make him lose an hour.

ALICE PEARSON
Shy and demure.

NAOMI BOOHER
True eyes, too pure and too honest in ought to disguise
The sweet soul shining through them.

ETHEL EMERSON
An open hearted maiden, true and pure.



ALFRED MARTEL

His appearance was striking,
resistless and grand.
His manners were gentle, complying
and bland.

ESTHER BOOHER

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow bright with intelligence and fair and smooth.

IRENE SETZER

Her winning smile has conquered many a heart.

GLADYS ROGERS

There is a language in her eye,
her cheek, her lip.

EDNA FREEMAN
She was ever on pleasure bent.

GRADEN POPPLETON
His eyes are half defiant,
Half meek and compliant,
Black eyes with a wondrous
witching charm.

LAST MEDITATIONS OF THE "THIRTEENS"

And now 'tis done; the last four years
We've striven, studied, worked,
'Bout half the time, that is, the rest
We've laughed and played and shirked.
From Wisdom's store we've gathered
Of knowledge, quite a lot.
Though what we learned from out our books,
'Tis true, we soon forgot.
Yet High School life has helped us grow,
Or so our teachers tell,
Good teachers, who have guided us,
And lectured us so well!
We have survived; the stiffest "ex."
Is but a memory now,
As each one, his diploma neat
Receives with graceful bow.
This much we know as we depart,
At least we have a hunch,
There never again will be a class
Like our old jolly bunch.

ADA WYMAN, '13.

On the Trail to Dawson

"Reckon it's 'bout 40 below, huh, Red?" puffed White, or Wolf-dog, as he was called.

"It sure is some cold," said "Red" Murphy. "I don't much feel like swimmin' or takin' a cold plunge."

"Me neither" drawled Wolf-dog, "but this here weather shore is good for the lungs, cold, dry, and no dust. Ain't much like a circus ring on a summer day."

"Better let me break trail, Wolf, and get warm." Red and Wolf-dog were some thirty odd miles from Dawson and were heading for the trail which led to the Yukon. It had snowed during the night so that the ground was covered with soft, dry snow. They were returning from a "dash for gold" from the higher regions at the head of the Yukon.

Red took the lead, packing the snow for the panting dog team. Red, who had the name of being an ex-pugilist from San Francisco, had come to the gold fields to find his fortune. In a bar-room in Dawson he heard of a rich find in the upper Yukon. He and Wolf-dog, who were partners at a card table, won, and Red, a tenderfoot, shared his secret with Wolf-dog. Together they got an outfit, went to the gold field and staked a claim. The secret leaked out, resulting in a rush to the upper Yukon. To make sure of their claim, they were now heading for Dawson to have it recorded. During the trip they had heard nothing but their own voices, the panting of dogs, the grinding of the sled runners and the howl of the timber wolves.

"Queerest thing," said Red, "I'm pretty much tired. My legs nearly stop movin', they weigh nearly a ton, let's rest."

"This is the last rest afore we reach Dawson," added Wolf. "I don't much like sleepin' out nights when its 40 below."

They sat down while the dogs squatted in their harness and bit the ice from their toes. "Just time for a pipe, then the long dash for Dawson and a change of clothes. Say, Red, you know the thing I'd most like tah do right now is to wear a night-gown. I ain't had my furs off since the Yukon froze. Well I'll be d—d, this here pipe's frozen. No vices in this country."

"Yes, some country," said Red. "But this gold huntin' ain't my game. I'd ruther be tradin' punches with James Jeffries right now, than be here in this God forsaken country with nothin' but saloons and a dance hall to amuse a person. Then look around here. What d'yah see? Nothing but snow, snow, snow, then more snow."

"Ain't you too much like an old maid? Any man ought to be satisfied if they got a good team o' dogs, plenty o' beans, coffee, sour dough and grog," said Worlf-dog, defending the frozen north.

"God, what a life. Me for 'Frisco as soon as this deal is over," exclaimed Red with a frown.

Wolf-dog finished his pipe in silence, took off his mittens, rubbed

his hands, arranged his ear flaps and then said: "You can break trail; I'm gonna drive. Get up you dawgs."

"Gosh," mourned Red, "I wish they had snow plows here. I'd hate to die an have to have some poor devil break trail for my funeral."

'You'll be lucky if any one knows your dead. Nobody ever died in Dawson unless it's from a stray hunk of lead or something else. They usually die on the trail."

"Tuh change the subject, Wolf-dog, if we make a go of that claim, I'm gonna beat it to 'Frisco with bells on. I'll never want to look at beans or sow belly again as long as I live.

"Thought you liked this 'wild, care-free' life as it calls it in story books."

"Enough is enough. There's somethin' that calls me to 'Frisco."

"Why so? You aint got no fortune of financial intrest at 'Frisco or any place else fer that matter."

Red hesitated, "well tuh tell the truth, I got a sister. She's better lookin' than I am" said Red.

"That don't encourage a feller much."

"Her hair ain't near as red as mine."

"It might still be red."

"Aw dry up, you make me tired. Of all the attempts at wit that's the worst. Your as dry as a school mam with a cork leg."

"By the way, Red, is that sister of yourn a school marm?"

"No; thank God."

"That's another pint in her favor."

"Say, this is gettin' tiresome. It ain't any snap for a pug what ain't fit fer night on 8 years. If I ever get a job as trainer, I'm go'n tuh fetch my man up here to train. Fine for the wind."

"Yep," said Wolf-dog, sarcastically, "I noticed its takin' the wind out of yuh. Want to drive?"

"I wanta lie down and sleep. It's a gettin' my goat."

"No sleepin' or restin' till we get to Dawson. It's gonna be colder, it's gonna storm and the grub's runnin' low; and what's more, my furs are wearin' thin. Come and whip these dawgs. I'll break."

Their progress was much faster than before. Wolf-dog who could have put any college cross runner to shame, was long legged, deep of chest and spare of rib. Therefore it was no wonder that he strode through the snow as an ostrich would stride through feathers.

"We'd oughter be striking the trail pretty soon. 'Bout five miles since the last rest."

"That sleepy spell is comin' on again. I ain't tired but I feel like I've been to a ball till 'bout 3 A. M."

"Let's go faster, Red, you'll overcome it."

"No use; I gotta sleep. We can beat those other guys in to the recorder's office if we don't get there till Monday."

"An I'm tellin' yuh it's gonna storm." Come on, you break. You'll overcome it."

"Let it storm. We kin kill the dogs can't we? Plenty of grub. I'm gonna lie down. I'm so sleepy."

"Well, I'll be hooped, darned, blowed," growled Wolf-dog, he's

delirious.'' Well did Wolf-dog realize the danger of the drowsy feeling in the Arctic. He shook Red. ''Red, Red,'' he called, it's gonna storm, wake up.''

''Let it storm. I'm so sleepy.''

''Yuh bloom'n idiot, Red, I'm a tellin' yuh we'll never get to Dawson unless we get there tonight. We're nearly to the trail.''

A grunt issued from Red's mouth.

Wolf-dog swore, grabbed Red by the neck and shook him.

''Leave me alone. What's botherin' you anyhow.''

''Now what in thunder am I to do.'' thought Wolf-dog, as he still shook Red to keep up the circulation. ''If I put him on the sled, he'll be stiff as a poker afore we get to Dawson. What kin I do to arouse him and keep him warm?'' Suddenly a thought struck him.

''Red, he called, Red, remember that sister of yourn?'' He shook him until his teeth chattered. ''Remember your sister?''

''Ye-y-yes.''

''I knew her, Red, yes, I knew her when she used to be in Dawson. That's what she does. She follows the mining camps. Yuh hear me, Red? Follows the mining camps.''

''What?'' cried Red, aroused.

''That's what I said. She follows the camps.''

''You lie,'' exclaimed Red. I'll make you eat them words, you cur.''

Wolf-dog thought quickly, ''now I'll have to protect mystelf and yet not harm him. That's no cinch. He's hoppin' mad.

Red no longer wasted breath on calling names. He danced about like a cat, jabbing short punches to the stomach. He stepped in and out dealing heavier and stronger punches to his pardner. It seemed to Wolf-dog that Red was as quick and light on his feet as a ballet dancer. Red drew his guard to his face feinted and drove to the stomach. Thought Wolf-dog, ''It ain't a question of lickin' the fool, but of gettin' licked.''

Wolf-dog drove to the stomach. Red's first were between. He jabbed a quick upper cut for the chin but Red was too quick for him, his chin was on his shoulder.

''I'll show yuh how to upper cut, you cur, take that.'' His blow to the jaw drew Wolf-dog's guard. Red drove a quick upper cut with his weight behind it, to Wolf-dog's lower ribs. The blow lifted him from his feet. He fell heavily, his head striking the sled runner. Red stood over him panting, his fist doubled, ready to strike, if he attempted to rise, but Wolf-dog lay unconscious.

Red, delirious from his excitement and anger, cut the dog's harness and strapped the unconscious Wolf-dog to the sled. The blood throbbed through his veins with jerks. He took his place ahead of the leaders and started for the trail to Dawson. His jaw was set, his eyes cold and vacant.

An hour passed, yet Red kept on. He turned on to the hard packed trail where the team broke into their tireless trot. The sled ran slick and smooth over the frozen snow. They covered the three miles to the river in twenty minutes. Never did he lose his long easy stride or deep breathing. The tireless dogs kept right at his heels as if run by machinery. Of a sudden, the trail swerved, the

sled skidded, and they were on the river a few miles from Dawson. They increased their speed. The sled swerved from side to side over the slippery ice, throwing the hind dogs slightly out of their stride. Red stared ahead, seeing nothing. There was just that cold blank look of a dead person on his face. The dogs pulled harder as a tired horse increases his speed at the end of a long, tired journey. From afar off came the howl of a dog, and, as they drew nearer to Dawson, they heard the crack of a whip. They rounded a bend and beheld the "Northern Light Saloon." The dogs broke into a brisk run, but still Red saw nothing, heard nothing.

A man came from the saloon, pulled down his ear flaps, tied his mittens and was about to depart, when he noticed the dog team. He opened the door and yelled: "Hey, you fellows, come and look. Here comes that tenderfoot a totin' in Wolf-dog as stiff as a board."

The men made a dash for the door just as Red came to a stop. "I'll be jiggered if he ain't got him tied on, the fool must be daffy. Speak, man, what's up."

Red stared blankly at him and said nothing. "You fool," exclaimed the big man in seal skins, who appeared to be leader. "Here you fellows, undo those straps and tend to Wolf-dawg, maybe you kin bring him to. There's somethin' wrong somewhere. Maybe the tenderfoot's delirious. Here, let's take him in and try to make him talk. He looks as if he needs tendin' to as bad as Wolf-dawg."

They tended Wolf-dog, as best they knew, rubbing his frozen limbs with snow and puring down whiskey. They concluded that Red was crazy and turned him over to Norris, a camp physician. As Wolf-dog gradually regained consciousness, they stormed him with questions, until his brain reeled. "How did it happen?" "What did he do? "What did you do?" Couldn't you lick him?" "Why didn't you let daylight into him?"

"An I'm a tellin' yuh it's all right. I insulted him an he's a peach of a fighter. Don't pick a fight with him." And he closed his eyes and refused to talk.

Three days later, Red, having recovered from his delirium, accompanied by Dr. Norris went to visit Wolf-dog. There were tears in his eyes when he approached his pardner and it was with an effort when he said in a husky voice. "Shake, Wolf-dog. I owe you all the apologies and thanks I can give you." Will you accept them? I'm just seeing through your game. You've saved the life of a worthless tenderfoot. I apologize and thank you for all you've done."

I'll take 'em," grinned Wolf-dog, "but that ain't helpin' this shaded glimmer."

Red brightened up when he saw the way Wolf-dog felt.

"Now if there is anything I can possibly do for you to repay you let me know. The idea of my fighting you like an animal and then letting you freeze. How do you feel?"

"I'm feelin' better, but the blood ain't runnin' through the frozen places good. But what's got me, is where you caught all this high brow lingo. You talk like a school professor?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Wolf-dog, I'm an actor, engaged to be married. My fiancee, thinking me to be a sissy, agreed to be my life

partner if I could live for a year among 'real men.' I've found them, but I ought not to be allowed to live among them."

"An actor," exclaimed Wolf-dog, "then you've never been in the ring. Well I'll be mushed, I believe I can trim you yet. That shore was some actin' comin' up here an makin' as pore cusses think we knew more than you.

"Thanks. If we make a go of this mining claim I was intending to go back to San Francisco and claim my wager. On account of our unfortunate squabble, I've made up my mind to see you out of it. As you'll be in bed for some time I'll ask my sister to come and nurse you as soon as the ice in the river will permit her coming. She is a trained nurse cooped up in the city. Even if you do not need her, the trip will do her good. I'll ask her to bring up some light reading with her."

"A trained nurse," exclaimed Wolf-dog, " a trained nurse for a gold digger like me? Why you boob, everyone in Dawson will be a gettin' froze up just to have a nurse."

"A man who has led an active life like you usually is restless in time of sickness. The reading matter will be a comfort to you," said Red ignoring Wolf-dog's speech.

"What's light reading?" asked Wolf-dog, "It oughter be good in six months' nights when all is dark.

"Light reading is that which is not solid."

"What's solid reading?"

"Well, for illustration, suppose I was a mind reader, and read your mind. That would be solid reading."

Red ducked as a moccasin whizzed over his head, and broke a mirror on the opposite wall. "Hard luck for seven years", grinned Red.

"I'm doomed," groaned Wolf-dog, "me a missin' a red headed actor, a tenderfoot at that, breakin' a mirror an gettin' licked. But I reckon I oughter cheer up. I'll be the only cuss in the history of Dawson whut will have a trained nurse."

"Her hair ain't as red as yourn," mused Wolf-dog, "just kinder yaller. I'll becher her eyes are blue and cheeks red. A dollar to a doughnut she's Irish."

"Margaret Murphy isn't usually classed as a German name," Red laughed .

"I used to know a girl like that only her name wasn't Margaret. Her's was Rosy.

Red smiled inwardly as he thought of this big, bony, brawny muscled man as being romantic.

"I remember the last words she said as I left for the boat," mused Wolf-dog. "It's nearly two years ago."

Red looked startled and turned to Dr. Norris, "is he delirious?"

Norris grinned. "Better confess, Wolf-dawg."

Wolf-dog roused from his musings. "Have I been blabbin' in front of Red, Doc?"

"I should say so," grinned Norris. "Givin' yourself away like a bride to a groom."

"Well, I reckon, I mean I think, I'd better own up, Red. I ain't

I mean I am not, a gold digger, a bear eater, at all. I'm ain't nothin', hang it, I mean I'm not anything but an actor."

"A what!" exclaimed Red.

"An actor, a-c-t--o-r, actor. I came up here on a wager."

"Kindly explain yourself," said Red, recovering from his first shock.

"I was courting a girl, the one I spoke of. She said nothing but a man could be her husband. When I told her I was her man, she laughed. Laughed, mind you, laughed. Says I, I mean, I asked, 'what's the joke?' Says she, 'you're the joke. Why you couldn't live two years among men.' Says I, 'if I live two years among men, will you be my wife?' She consented. 'Name the place,' says I. 'Alaska' says she, and I beat it, I mean I came to Alaska."

"How did you 'get in with the men?' " asked Red with interest.

"I landed at Dawson. Skipping the troubles I had, I met Doc. Like a fool that I was, I told him I was an actor from San Francisco and wanted an apartment. He laughed at my vest and overcoat and pearl-handled revolver I'd bought especially for the trip, and asked me if I was acting now. When I says 'no' he says, "Oh, I thought you were, you look funny enough.' Skipping his other embarrassing remarks, I got into an argument with him and he bet me $100 that I couldn't pass as a 'bear eater' among the 'other fellers.' I took him up, and here I am. If it wan't, I mean wasn't fer a certain hot tempered, freckled faced, copper topped, blundering idiot I'd be in 'Frisco now claiming my wager."

"Be careful, I'm Irish. And what's more you're in bed," exclaimed Red.

"And what's more," said Doc Norris, "You're to be in bed for some time."

"Well, after all," said Wolf-dog, "your head ain't so hot that it melts the ice so that sister of yourn can come up here and nurse."

Two months passed. The long Alaskan night began to show signs of beautiful Alaskan spring. Wolf-dog tossed and rolled on his cot, watching and waiting for the first boat from down the river. One bright sunny morning Red stepped into the open door of Wolf-dog's cabin. "The steamboat 'Borealis' arrives tomorrow," he announced.

"We'll start spring house cleaning right away," announced Wolf-dog. "Bring Doc over and we'll begin by moving everything out, and cleaning everything. And for the love of Mike, Red, get Doc to smuggle in something besides bacon an beans, from the boat before the nurse arrives."

"I'll see to everything," promised Red.

Red and Doc spent the day cleaning and arranging the cabin of Wolf-dog. Red stepped in, in the evening, to behold Wolf-dog with a mirror at the foot of the cot, and Wolf-dog sitting up gazing into it with a fixed grin.

"What in thunder are you trying to do?" asked Red.

"Rehearsing my greeting to my lady. Say, Red, you haven't much sense of beauty. That reindeer rug is wrinkled, that deer horn

rack is crooked and when you hid my moccasins, you left 'em in the flour barrel."

"You're getting as finicky as an old maid. You sure do need a nurse. I came over to tell you, that I won't be over in the morning until I bring the nurse."

"I'm glad you've saved me asking you not to. I'm afraid you'd get me so peevish I couldn't receive her cordially."

"So long, 'till morning. Happy dreams," said Red.

"Just as if I was going to sleep all night," growled Wolf-dog.

The next morning Wolf-dog was posing to receive his nurse at six o'clock, expecting her at any minute. After two hours of anxious waiting and anxiety he heard the whistle of a steamboat, then the derrick and donkey engine and general confusion.

During his excitement he forgot his pose and was peering out the door. He heard the cheery laugh of a woman and Red's deep voice.

"So this is the home of my patient, your partner, poor boy!"

"Poor boy!" Oh such a pang of home sickness went through him. So much like home.

They stepped in. "Mr. "Mr. White, this is my sister, Miss——"

"Fred."

"Rosy."

"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms—"—Burns.

"Well, I'll be darned," Red exclaimed, "What you trying to do?"

"I ain't, I mean I'm not a criminal, I'm just collecting a wager. Wait a minute, Red, where you going? Don't go on our account."

"I'm going to collect a wager too, and what's more, said Red, I'm not going on your account."

THOMAS KLECKNER, '15.

EXCELSIOR

Climbing, ever climbing, strive for the zenith,
Though far apart, the stepping-stones, heart-racking the toil,
Though life's breath is scarce, scarce her cheer,
Strive faithfully, and encouragement He sendeth.
Though dark the path, His light shines thru the moil:
Strive ever upward, your mottoed banner fling wide; Excelsior.

H. WRIGHT, '14

A SMALL BOY'S VERSION

I've got an English teacher, in the school to which I go,
Who seems to be authority on things that one should know.
And she implies most every day by word or look or frown
That she had met her Waterloo the day I came to town.
Perhaps my teacher's never thought, that every one that's great,
Has got in his own make-up just one of my "bad" traits.
She says my compositions, have no sense in them at most,
In that, I'm like Bill Shakespeare, which is quite a bit to boast.
She also says my spelling would soon provoke a saint,
But if she could see Chaucer's, I greatly fear she'd faint.
In grammar, she says I'm the worst of any she's heard tell,
In that I'm just like Riley, and the people love him well.
She holds that my behavior will keep me back from fame,
But then, just think of Byron, and see what he became.
Like Stevenson I'm ugly and like Poe, they say I'm queer,
Like Pope, the famous satirist, I am inclined to jeer.
Now, if I have a quality of every one that's great;
Should not fame claim me for her own by all the laws of Fate?
To my learned English teacher, I would surely like to say,
That Logic is logic always, as in the "One hoss shay"
And so I think that very soon some "pumpkins" I will be,
And then she'll wonder how she ever came to mark me "D."

ALICE TOFT, '14.

COLOR

What makes the noble hero swear,
When the heroine with heaving bosom
Rubs her cheek on his plastered hair?
It's color.
What makes the artist sniff the air,
Squint his eyes and stop and stare,
And see it when it isn't there?
Why, color.
What makes the dame 'mid footlight's glare?
What it is that she does not spare
To make us think she's young and fair?
Simply color.
What is it makes us all prepare
To read a tale of journalism's blare,
That changes facts to fiction fair?
Just color.
What makes us ever seem to grieve,
When a friend takes his last leave,
No longer on this Earth to peeve?
It's simply color.

HAROLD WRIGHT, '14

Polly's Hat

The word hat does not mean what it used to. Webster says a hat is a covering for the head worn by men or women to protect them from the heat or rain, and then somebody,—not Mr. Webster added, "or used for an ornament." That's where all the trouble came in. Men still wear hats, but, one rarely sees a woman wearing one. They wear creations. If the little god of fashion said that a scrap of blue straw with a bolt of ribbon of violet rose color, sticking a couple of yards out behind was the real thing, and just from Paris, there would be a panic in the millinery stores all over America, and, within a week, every woman would be wearing one, regardless of how it looked on her.

One should have the utmost sympathy for a clerk in a millinery store. In my estimation she is a much put upon mortal. Picture a popular millinery store about two weeks before Easter. The Charge of the Light Brigade could not have been more thrilling and instead of cannon there would be "hats to the right of them, hats to the left of them."

Now Polly had not as yet thought seriously of a hat. She had a fluffy idea of one, but it was very vague. Polly was one of those little brown-eyed, American girls with dark curly hair and pink cheeks. She looked good in almost any old hat. And Polly had a brother, just the right kind of a brother; so when she startlingly announced her desire to select a spring hat immediately, Harry took her into town in the motor, and together they boldly attacked a millinery store, the windows of which were full of outrageous hats of every description.

"You would like to look at some hats?" suggested an elderly woman clerk.

"Yes," said Polly with a sweet smile.

"What kind would you like, dear?"

"I don't know," faltered Polly, glancing fearfully at the array of hats. "I'd like a chiffon—or that is—why, I don't exactly know," she ended lamely.

"Perhaps you'd better try on a few. Come right down here and sit in front of this mirror."

Polly sat down obediently before the glass and removed her large winter fur hat. Harry pulled up a chair and seated himself, for he expected about an hour of keen enjoyment. Polly watched him doubtfully as he pawed over the hats on the counter. He was smiling broadly and his grey eyes twinkled. A dinky blue hat of soft straw caught his eye and he pulled it from the pile with a chuckle.

"Oh, I say, Polly," he cried, "this strikes me as about right,"

and he was shoving the hat down over Polly's curls, when the clerk came up with her arms full of hats.

"That little blue hat is very becoming, dear," she said.

"You bet your neck it is," agreed Harry. "Cutest thing I ever saw."

"Why, it is perfectly horrid," said Polly. "I wouldn't be seen in it," and she pulled the offending hat off with a scared look at Harry. She had a cowardly idea that they were going to make her take something she didn't want.

"Just try a few of these on," said the woman clerk.

Polly tried a dozen or more hats on, getting more nervous every minute. Harry howled at each succeeding hat with a boy's frankness. He was having the time of his life. The clerk patiently put on and pulled off a dozen more hats. Polly was in a panic.

"Can't you find something that isn't so gaudy?" she said nervously.

"They are wearing bright colors this year, dear."

"Let me try on that big white hat up there," said Polly, desperately.

"But that's for an older person, dear."

"I might try it on at least," said Polly, a trifle coldly.

The clerk caught a wink from Harry and obligingly pulled down the big hat. Polly adjusted it daintily and smiled rapturously at her reflection.

"That's what I want," she cried. "Oh, I just adore that big plume. Isn't it lovely, Harry?"

"Why—er,— I don't know," said Harry. "Looks sort of queer, somehow, doesn's it?"

"It doesn't either," cried Polly.

"This little blue one looks lots better on you, Polly," he volunteered.

"You're perfectly crazy" said Polly, "you don't know what's pretty anyway."

She looked at the clerk, then at Harry and then into the mirror. She had a sinking feeling around her heart and wanted to get up and run or bawl.

"Boys never have any sense, she said tremulously.

"Really, dear, the hat is a little too old for you," the clerk said, gently. "These little hats are much more girlish and becoming. Let me try the blue one on you again."

"No, you needn't," cried Polly quickly, "and I don't think I want any hat today, anyway," and, picking up her own hat, she walked down the store her eyes smarting.

"But I say, Polly," called Harry, jumping up and following her. What's the use of getting sore about it. Take the white hat and be done with it if your heart is set on it."

"I don't want the white hat."

"I don't want anything," said Polly half tearfully, half angrily as she climbed into the car.

"Now, be sensible, Polly," said Harry in a low tone as he leaned over her. "You shouldn't have acted so silly in there."

"And you needn't have been so mean," sobbed Polly.

"Good heavens! what did I do?"

"Oh no, you didn't do anything, did you, just laughed at me all the time."

"But you looked so funny. I couldn't help it. Now, come on back and take a look at some more hats. You haven't seen everything yet."

"I don't want anything if I can't have a plume on it."

"Why then, put a feather on that little blue hat. It would be ripping."

"People don't wear plumes on such dinky hats," she objected.

"Well, say, put a peacock feather on it then."

"A peacock feather!"

"Why not? They are all wearing them in New York."

"Who?"

"The peacocks."

"I suppose you think you are funny, but you aren't," said Polly, the angry tears rolling down her cheeks.

She turned her head away so that people passing on the street might not see her cry. Harry had his arm around her in a minute, comforting and soothing.

"There, there, Polly," he said softly. "I didn't mean to make you cry. You shall have the big hat and all the plumes you want. It looks fine on you. Yes, it does, prettiest hat I ever saw, sure it is."

"I suppose I'll have to buy that blue thing," faltered Polly wiping her eyes beneath the big hat.

"You won't do any such thing. That blue—"

"And it might not look half so bad with a little feather on it," Polly broke in half-heartedly.

"Why, of course it wouldn't. To tell you the truth, Polly, that would be a fine idea. I saw Laura Merle wearing one just like it, only it was red."

"Really, Harry?"

"Surest thing you know, little girl."

Polly's eyes grew big and round. Anything Laura Merle chose to wear was considered about right. Was Harry positive Laura's hat was just like the blue one?

Yes, he'd bet on it.

Polly considered the matter thoughtfully a few minutes and then smiled into Harry's face.

"I believe I'll go in and try it on again," she said.

They went into the shop. The same clerk met them cheerfully and smiled when asked to produce the blue hat. It was brought and placed on Polly's fluffy head once more and the dark curls were tucked under. A small feather was found, approved of and stuck exactly in front of the hat, extending straight up in the air a few feet and then curling into an impudent question mark.

"It is cute, isn't it," laughed Polly.

"Well, I should worry a lot," agreed brother Harry.

"I'll take it, said Polly to the clerk, "and could you fix it up so I could wear it right now?"

"Certainly, dear. Just wait here a few minutes."

The hat was ready in just five minutes, and the saucy feather bobbed merrily as Polly and Harry left the store. Polly climbed into the front seat with a sight of contentment. She pulled a small bag from her pocket from which she produced a tiny round miror and a powder puff. Then she proceeded to disguise herself while Harry cranked the car.

"Girls have a lot to worry about haven't they, Polly," said Harry as he squeezed over behind the wheel.

But Polly was busy powdering her small short nose to the profound amusement of two boys passing by. They glanced two feet above Polly's head in bewildered uncertaintly and then at each other in amazement.

"What do you call it," gasped one.

"I'd hate to tell you," whispered the other, "but isn't she the cutest thing you ever saw?"

EDITH ROUSE, '14.

THE RIDERS

Up from the valley below, there came to me, a clattering, rythmical sound. I went to the door of my cabin and listened. Listened with strained intensity. I heard the impatient hoofbeat of the spirited black, she was foremost, I knew, and the slower, steadier, more even lope of the bay, coming on behind.

Now, the sound ceased, and I knew that they had begun to ascend the grade, on a walk. It would take at least fifteen minutes for them to reach the stables, at the foot of the slope. The Riders would call when they had gained that place.

Time seemed interminable! I had waited, waited, waited! The night was very still, save for an occasional scream of a night owl, or the distant bark of a coyote, and the unceasing song of the crickets.

At last! A shrill, penetrating whistle rang through the clear night air. I jumped with joy and relief, snatched up my lantern, lighted it, and ran down the slope to the stables——and to the Riders.

ALVA COOPER.

An Experiment

PRELUDE

"Oh! the deuce! where's my tie?" and down he went, on top of a whole pile of band boxes, his hand poked clear through a new straw hat, just purchased.

"Did any one ever have such luck? There's ten dollars gone to the wind," holding up the now dilapidated hat.

"If mother could only see me now. She'd think her darling boy had been out for a week. Well, where under the sun did that collar button go? I thought I put it in that box."

Then all the drawers of the chiffonnier, suit cases and boxes were emptied out on the floor. Ties, shirts, suits, collars and shoes were strewn all over. Even chairs were lying on their sides and up-side-down, or just where they landed when Phil became so impatient and angry, he felt like throwing things.

"If mother were only here, things wouldn't be like this. Dear Mother, how I miss her. Ah—I have it. I'll—

OBJECT

Get a wife.

MANIPULATION

Phil kept his eye open at the theatre that night for a pretty, dark haired girl with deep blue eyes. The girl had to be dainty, slight and of medium height. He was particular when it came to picking out his future wife.

He trained his opera glasses upon about every pretty girl in the building. But invariably something was the matter with all of them; at least so he thought. One had blue eyes, but had light hair. Another was too stout, another too thin, another had the right kind of hair but had brown eyes.

Phil went away from the theatre rather disappointed and out of patience, but he was still determined to find his ideal. As he turned the corner and entered Twenty-Fifth street he heard the sound of some one running towards him and then a thud. He hurried to the spot from where the sound seemed to come, and almost stumbled over something that looked like a bundle of rags. It was dark, but as he kneeled down he could distinguish the delicate and refined features of a young girl, about twenty years of age.

He hailed a passing taxi and lifted the half fainting girl into it. She leaned heavily against his shoulder for a long time. Finally she managed to give him the number of her home and tell him what the matter was.

"We were having—house party,—on the verandah. Dressed—represent people of slums. Then burglar." She could go no further with her story and began to tremble violently. Phil gathered from these few broken sentences that a few girls were having a house

party and were out on the verandah dressed as the people in the poorer districts of the city, when they were frightened by a burglar in the house, and probably the girls all ran in different directions.

"Please don't talk. I understand." In the meantime Phil had been looking at her closely.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "she is the girl of my dreams. Just the girl I would like to have sitting across the breakfast table from me every morning. If I could only win her. I will win her."

The machine stopped in front of a beautiful house and Phil assisted in getting her out and up the steps.

I can never tell you how much I appreciate your kindness to me, Mr—"

"Cramer, Phil Cramer, and may I ask yours?"

"Gene Seward."

"Can you be the daughter of John Seward, the lawyer?"

"The same," Gene replied.

"My father and your father were great friends. They went to school together. How fortunate," he thought to himself, "things are coming my way."

"I have often heard Dad speak of Bill Cramer. Father would be delighted to see the son of his boyhood friend, I am sure. He is always at home on Wednesday evenings, Mr. Cramer." She bade Phil good-bye and went up the steps.

OBSERVATION

Phil did not miss the opportunity of going to the Seward mansion the next night, nor would he refuse invitations to Sunday dinners or drives. Mr. and Mrs. Seward always looked forward to his coming.

He was such a jolly good boy, and they welcomed the light that came into Gene's blue eyes when Phil was announced.

One evening, three months later, Phil and Gene went motoring out to the lake, which was about twenty miles out of the city, in his new French car. It was a beautiful night. The young people at the hotel, near the lake, were all out of doors. Some were dancing on the piazza, some were strolling around the spacious grounds, others were rowing on the lake.

Phil obtained a boat and carefully arranged the pillows behind Gene's back and then pushed off into the middle of the lake. Gene trailed her white fingers along in the cool water and neither of them spoke very much, they were too full of emotion.

He steered the boat under a lonely weeping willow tree, whose branches dipped into the water on all sides. It was like a little house free from intruders. Phil dropped the paddles and came down and sat near Gene.

"Gene, darling, I love you. You must know I love you. I knew you were the girl of my dreams the first time I saw you, three short months ago." He folded her in his arms and pressed his lips

to hers. Her little dark head nestled closer on his shoulder. "Sweetheart, do you love me? Will you be mine?"

CONCLUSION

He bent low to hear. "Tell me," he urged. He gently tilted up her chin that he might see her face. He looked down into the glowing depths of her eyes, and read his answer there.

IVA ROGERS, '14.

A FOREST FIRE

One summer while camping in the mountains, six of us experienced our first fright from a forest fire. We had not been camped many days, when one afternoon we noticed how sultry and heavy the air felt. Toward night it became worse, and we thought we could smell the odor of smoke. Some of the party said it must be a forest fire. Of course, we were all frightened and started up the hill to see if we could discover in what direction it was.

When we reached the top, we could detect nothing, because of the giant trees surrounded us on all sides, only that the smoke seemed denser. We knew the fire could not be far off.

It was a terrible suspense waiting until dark, because we thought that then we might be able to tell how close it was.

As night grew on, the smoke grew heavier and heavier. Soon we could see the blaze leaping to the tops of the tall trees at a distance which we thought could not be more than eight miles. We knew nothing to do but keep out of its path. We could see the flames coming nearer and nearer. Some suggested that we try to backfire. But what did we unexperienced people know about it? We might do more harm than good. It came closer until we thought it must only be about two miles and our camp was right in the full sweep of it.

There was nothing to do but to break camp and try to reach the other side of the river, if we could, for there was a bare space of at least two hundred feet on either side of it. It hardly seemed as if the fire would leap across this.

By the time we had gathered our things together, the fire was so close that the air was now really hot. Thus our little crowd fled with all speed, hardly taking time to look back. We arrived at the bridge almost faint. After watching for awhile, we saw that it had changed its course and the glow beame dimmer and dimmer.

We went back to our old grounds the next day, but it was several days before some of the crowd got over the excitement.

EMMA MILLETT, '13.

Dreams, Only Dreams

Bob Ford looked for a moment from the window beside his desk, to the street below. It was four o'clock of a hot day in the last part of June. How that day did drag. The street fairly sizzled in the sun, and the hot north wind seemed to aid the sun in its task of drying all the moisture from the city. Bob's thoughts wandered far away from the city and its heat to his home in the country. There, all was different. There, the work day of the people was almost over. The boys were, beyond a doubt, playing ball in the vacant lot behind Perkin's store, and from the hotel, the older men had probably come to see them play.

Suppose that he had unexpectedly come back on the four-o'clock train. The station would be almost deserted except for the station-master and the editor of the weekly paper who came daily to find out who arrived and who left. These items were for the local mention column of his paper. The station master would rush forward, shake his hand, calling to the editor to come and see who was there. Then he would walk down the street, past the post office and Perkin's store and Jenkin's livery stable, the drug store and the Union Hotel. On all sides he would be greeted by people saying. "Well, see who is here! How are you, Bob?" Perhaps even a number of the town ball team would run out to see him, for had he not at one time played on the team. And perhaps, this was just perhaps, he would see Nettie Sawyer, who would stop to say how glad she was to see—him.

Suddenly his reverie was disturbed by the sound of the voice of the assistant who called: "Say, Ford, quit that dreaming and reach those specifications for Jacob's house over here."

With a frown and a sigh Bob returned to the papers on his desk. It did seem a pity that the very nicest part of his day-dream should be so rudely interrupted.

Another hour dragged by and finally the hands of the clock pointed to five. He crammed his papers away, took his hat and hurried to the street. But the street was even less inviting than the office, for it was filled with people complaining of the heat.

The hall of his boarding house was stuffy and from the dining room came the disagreeable odor of boiled cabbage. The cars had delayed him, as usual he was late. The other boarders looked up as he dropped into his place at the table, spoke and went on eating contentedly. They were used to the heat of summer, and loved the city.

Miss Young, the school teacher, who sat beside him, said laughingly, "You look more ready for a vacation than I do. Mine started today and I am certainly glad."

"You're lucky. I haven't had a vacation since I came to the city five years ago. The only time I did ask for one, they intimated

strongly that if I wanted a vacation, I could get out. And as they've never offered me one since, I have had none. I suppose you are going home?''

''Home? Oh, no. This is harvest time there and they don't want me. I tried it once, and it wasn't a success; now I go home at Christmas for a few days. That's enough to satisfy my longing for home. You surely haven't forgotten the course I am going to take at the academy when we planned it out together.''

''That's so, I guess my brain needs refreshing. It seems as though I can't work at all any more. Wish I could get a job near home. No more city for me then.''

The next day went by with the usual routine of business, but Saturday was a half holiday. At twelve he crammed his papers into his desk. As he took his hat from the hook the manager beckoned him to come into the private office. Bob knew that it was something important or the assistant manager would have told him what was wanted. He hoped it was not a dismissal. Mr. Button was a small, wiry man with iron gray hair and a way of nodding his head that gave the impression of great sagacity.

''Mr. Ford,'' he said, wisely nodding his head, ''you have not been doing your work up to standard for some time. This is unusual. In recognition of your long service, we are going to let you go away for a month to see whether that will liven you up. If you do better when you come back, we will see about other things. Mr. Simmons leaves then, and we will see. That's all.'' And Mr. Button turned to his letters again to show that the conversation was closed.

Bob tried to thank him, but the right words would not come. He could have shouted for joy. Why, that was one of his favorite day dreams, and it was no longer a day-dream, but a reality. Why should not his other fancies come true in the same curious fashion. He could be gone a whole month!

Miss Young was the first person he told of his good fortune.

''Really?'' she said. ''Oh, I am so glad for you and I do hope you are not going to be disappointed. But I shall miss our pleasant evenings together. Your suggestions have been such a help to me.''

''Thank you, Miss Young,'' he replied. ''I shall miss them, too. But I can't forget that I am really going home. I can just see the town now. How I shall enjoy it.''

''I hope so. But I can't help thinking we will see you back again before long..''

''Oh, I don't know.''

Early Monday morning he left the city. Sunday had seemed interminably long; but now he was in the train, and each minute brought him nearer home. Gradually the city and all connected with it was left behind. The country became more open, and with each mile of fresh fields and orchards his delight increased. The people of the city and its suburbs slowly left the train, and their places were taken by those of a more rural type. Already the city seemed far away to Bob.

''How glorious,'' thought he, ''tonight I will sit down to a good old dinner at home. No more boarding-house eats with Miss Young to praise living in the city.''

By this time they were really in the country; before long the

train stopped. Glancing from the window he saw that it had been sidetracked. To his inquiry the conductor replied: "Oh, we have to wait here for the flyer. It's late today; we have about an hour to wait. In these little out of the way places, one has to put up with all kinds of discomforts. I don't see how people stand it to live in these small towns."

The landscape without was a desolate place. Only one house was to be seen in the distance, and one old mill, no longer in use. On all sides were fields, from which the hay had already been removed. When the flyer came through at last, the sun was high in the sky. The train Bob had taken was a slow one, which stopped at all the little stations along the way. Where he had pictured beautiful landscapes he saw barren fields and stacks of hay. The car was almost unbearably warm and through the windows the dust was blown in clouds. A little after noon they arrived at a station, where Bob was told he would have to wait for a local train to take him the remaining twenty-five miles of his journey. This local train did not leave until two o'clock and so he had another long hour to wait. Hideway Junction had been a pleasant recollection to him. In his boyhood days he had considered it a wonderful treat to be allowed to accompany his mother to this town, which consisted of two small streets and three short ones. This was the "city" in which all the shopping was done.

"Oh, well," he thought, "home will be different from this. Probably nothing there will be changed in the least." And once more he began dreaming dreams of Marshtown and all its inhabitants.

The train which he finally took from the Junction was even slower than the one which brought him there. He was impatient to reach his destination, but the more impatient he was, the more slowly the mile posts seemed to go by. But all things come to him who waits, and, finally, he was near Marshtown. From the rear platform he could see the station. Yes, it was the same old station, save that the railroad company had redressed it with a coat of bright yellow paint.

Bob stood for a moment on the little wooden platform, but no old, familiar station-master came out to shake hands. Instead, a young chap who seemed to serve in that capacity, looked at him as though to say, "Well, who are you anyhow?"

With a feeling of indefinable disappointment Bob went on down the street. Perkin's store was in the same place, and a group of boys really were playing ball in the vacant lot. In front of the Union Hotel were the same men who, he remembered, had always been there. Old Uncle Ben Johnson was there, and to him Bob spoke, but the reply he received was in rather an inquiring voice.

Then suddenly across the stret Bob saw Nettie Sawyer. Yes, it was actually she. Just as he had imagined her. He almost ran across the street to speak to her; she was the first to recognize him.

"How-de-do, Bob. This is sure a surprise. Won't your folks be tickled?" How's the city?"

"Oh, all right," he replied. "But Marshtown is better. And how are you?"

"Me? Oh, I'm fine. We live over in the green house by the hill. Come to see us. Joe would love to have you."

"Joe?" And his voice was questioning.

"Joe Nevills. We were married two years ago. You sure haven't forgotten him."

"Oh, yes, I had forgotten for a moment. I'll be over some time. Have to be going now. Am anxious to see the others."

"Good-bye," she called after him.

Nettie Sawyer married, well, that was queer. To be sure his mother had mentioned the fact that a Sawyer girl was married, but he had thought it was Belle. But Nettie! and to Joe Nevills! He had been the town ne'er do well for years.

He approached his home. But even the old place was changed. He felt like old Rip Van Winkle when he first came back. Yes, his mother had mentioned the new porch, but he had forgotten. The back door stood open, but the house seemed to be deserted.

From the chicken yard came the sound of his mother's voice as she called: "Here, chick, chick, chick! Here, chick, chick." Letting his suitcase fall on the porch, he followed the sound and came upon his mother just as she was leaving the chicken yard. Her delight at seeing him was great, and her greeting was affectionate enough to satisfy even him.

Presently his father and brother came in from the hay fields where they had been at work. They, too, were glad to see him, but there was a difference between the manner in which they greeted him, and the one in which they had said good-bye. A sort of restraint was over all. In the evening they sat on the porch, as he had seen them so often in fancy, and he told of the city and its ways; but to his own surprise he told more of the delightful phases of city life and left out entirely the gloomy boarding-house, his little room and the other unpleasant things. He told of Helen Young, her ambition, her kindness and friendliness, of the pleasant evenings in the park and at lectures, of the men he knew in the office and the firm manager Mr. Button. But they did not sit there long. The mosquitoes were too numerous. Not long after they went inside his father went up to bed, and he was soon followed by Bob's brother Jack.

Bob and his mother sat for a short time talking together, but he could see that it was with an effort that she kept from nodding in her chair. Therefore he took the lamp she offered him, and went upstairs to what had been his room. It was very small, and, having been unused for so long, was very close. The one window refused to remain open until he propped it with his shoe. Here the mosquitoes were almost as troublesome as they were on the porch. For several hours he lay tossing, restless and unable to sleep. Not a sound was to be heard save that of the frogs by the river and a night owl in the trees. Finally, he fell asleep, and the time seemed very short until he heard his father stumbling down stairs.

Bob jumped up and looked from the window. The town did not look half so desolate as it had the day before, but as he looked at the fields and low buildings he had a sense of longing within him. Below his mother was busy with the breakfast, and his father and brother were tending to the horses and doing the morning chores. The breakfast which followed was an uncomfortable meal, eaten hastily in the kitchen. As soon as they had finished the meal, Mr.

Ford and Jack hurried off to the day's work. Bob's offers of assistance were laughingly declined. He wandered forlornly over the house. Later his sister returned from the village where she had spent the previous day. She was more strange to him than the rest, for, when he left, she had been a little girl of thirteen years, and now she was a young woman who wore her hair high on her head, and was more interested in a dance she was going to attend than in him. The week's ironing was to be done and the kithen was warm and crowded, so he set out for the river where he used to fish. His mother was plainly relieved when he said he would be gone all day. Not that she did not want him with them, but a man around the house in the daytime was a nuisance.

All afternoon he clambered among the rocks from which he used to fish. He finally settled himself on the highest of these and threw rocks into the water below. The river was little changed and all was quiet about him. Even against his will his thoughts wandered back to the city. He wondered in which drawer or pigeon-hole of his desk he had put certain papers; these thoughts led to others, and he found himself wondering how Miss Young spent her evenings, and what book she had taken from the library, and whether she missed him as he did her.

So the succeeding days went by. A few he spent in the hay fields with his brother, but his muscles unaccustomed to the work were sore for a week. The evenings were spent at home, reading what little literature the house afforded, or with his old companions at a neighborhood entertainment. Those one-time companions welcomed him gladly, but when he was among them a restraint was upon them. It was the fault of neither. They were not uncouth or rude, many were well educated, and most had more money than he. But their interests were not his, and, as they were the most numerous, he was an outsider.

Thus two weeks went by and one morning he suddenly packed his suit case, bade his friends and relatives good-bye and left for the city. How glad he was to be in it again. Its life seemed to invigorate him and give back his old ambition.

He slipped quietly into his place at the table, and loud were the greetings of his friends. Here he had been missed. They hailed his return as it would have been had he returned to the country two weeks after he first left it.

Later he and Helen went, as was their custom, to the little park where they sat for some time in silence. It was he who finally said: "Helen, you were right; Marshtown no longer satisfied me. The very dust of the city is refreshing to me now. The folks at home don't miss me, to them I am a mere acquaintance. Those two weeks were the lonesomest ones I ever spent, and in one of them I made up my mind to say a whole lot of things to you as soon as I came back. But I've got to make good in the office first and show old Button that I can. Will you listen then."

"I'll see," she replied. "But go ahead, and make good—you are not a stranger here, and we are all interested."

FLORENCE HOENIG, '14.

A College Romance

Bob Scott was disgraced. He had been accused of stealing a purse, containing fifty dollars, belonging to one of his Fraternity. Don Reynolds confessed that he had seen him take it. The case was tried by his fellow members, and was found guilty. He could not prove his innocence. In addition to the testimony of Don Reynolds, the butler also said that he had seen Bob commit the theft. The money belonged to Jack Edwards, a very kind-hearted fellow, who would not allow the case to be taken to court, so it was dismissed on condition that Bob leave the Campus.

"But, Jack, you do not really believe me guilty?" Bob's face darkened. He knew he was innocent but could not prove it.

"No, Bob, I do not believe you are," said Jack thoughtfully.

Bob left the Kappa Alpha house and walked slowly down the path that led to the lake. It was so; he was disgraced. What was to be done? He could not write to his parents at Lakeside and tell them of the affair. It would break his mother's heart and his father would disown him. His mind constantly dwelt on Rosalind Jackson whom he had dearly loved all of the three years he had been in college. Perhaps she had already heard, but she would not think him dishonest. Something seemed to tell him that she would believe him guilty. After a bitter struggle, he decided to leave without telling anyone of his trouble.

It was hard to think of giving Rosalind up. He wondered who would take his place now—probably Don Reynolds for he had always admired her. With these thoughts in mind, he walked slowly on. He was indeed sad and miserable.

Finally, having come out of his reverie, he realized that he must leave the university that night. He started back towards home, resolved to find work of some kind.

It was late in the afternoon when he reached the house. Hurrying to his room, he gathered his possessions, left a check for a few little bills, and departed. On the way out he met Jack. "I am really sorry to see you go. Good luck, old man. I hope it will come out right yet." With that he took Bob's hand and they parted.

With a gloomy and thoughtful demeanor, he passed by the Tri-Delta house where Rosalind Jackson lived. He reached the station just as the train for Newport pulled in. He was determined to forget all about the past, find employment and start anew.

On arriving in the city he secured rooms, and early the next morning started out upon his important mission. He tried many places, but was either not fitted for the position, or else would be obliged to furnish references. His search the first day was in vain.

He was unsuccessful all the forenoon of the next day. After luncheon, with very little confidence of being accepted, he applied

for a place at a down town drugstore. After many questions and much scrutiny, he was given the position and started to work.

He worked on faithfully for the next three months, at the end of which time, his salary was increased. Bob's success, however, did not prevent his thoughts from recurring to his unfortunate experience at college. It was soon to be impressed on his mind with painful vividness.

Desiring some kind of amusement one night, he went to the theater. He took much interest in the play. As he sat listening to the soft music of the orchestra, he suddenly became aware that Rosalind was sitting in the third row from him with Don Reynolds. The thought of the different times he had accompanied her came back to him. He did not know what happened during the rest of the play. At last it was over.

Bob found his way back to his apartments and retired but no sleep came to him. Rosalind was always before him. Never the less, he went about his work the next morning as faithfully as ever. But he was more melancholy than before.

At last the time had come for his vacation. He had saved a sufficient amount by this time to enable him to enjoy one. How would he spend it? His first idea was of home. But he had told his relatives that he would attend summer school, so he could not go there. Why not go to Richmond? He had heard Rosalind speak so often of it, for it was her home. Whatever concerned her would be of interest to him. She would no doubt be spending her college vacation at home. Perhaps he could learn something of her.

He arrived in Richmond and took apartments at the Grand Central. He knew no one in the place and had not realized how lonely he would be. He spent his time on the beach or wandering through the parks.

One day as he was sitting on one of the docks, watching the water creep back and forth upon the sand, he recognized Rosalind and Don Reynolds strolling along the beach. Reynolds was talking earnestly to her, and they did not notice him.

A few days after, while riding through one of the residence districts, he saw Don Reynolds and Rosalind step into an automobile and drive away.

He returned to the hotel, wishing he had never come to Richmond. As he sat meditating over the past, gloomier than ever, he overheard the name of Jackson mentoioned. He listened for more. They were talking about Rosalind's engagement to Don Reynolds, which was to be announced that evening.

He calmed himself a little, paused until Rosalind should pass, hoping yet fearing, that she would recognize him. She did not glance his way but talked merrily to Reynolds.

That was enough. There was nothing now that could keep Bob in Richmond. He brought his vacation to an end and started for his place of employment. The manager was a little surprised at seeing him back so soon, but was not inquisitive in the least. There was something about Scott that he could not understand. But

Bob had alyaws been a faithful clerk, and so his movements did not concern him.

* * * *

Two months had passed. College had again reopened. Everything was going on in the same old way. Everyone knew of Rosalind Jackson's engagement to Don Reynolds. The wedding was to take place after commencement.

About the same crowd of fellows were back at the Kappa Alpha house. One evening they were having a grand stag in honor of Reynolds. During the course of the evening, Jack Edwards was called to the bedside of the old butler, who had been ill for some time, and had now had a relapse. When Jack reached his room, the poor fellow was very low. Summoning Jack nearer to him, with a weak and faltering voice, he told how he had seen Don Reynolds steal the purse the year before, and how he had been bribed to swear to the falsehood, which had caused Bob Scott's expulsion. Edwards saw everything. The one in whom he had trusted was the thief, and Bob was innocent.

There was much confusion when the real thief was known. Reynolds found that he was obliged to confess all. Only a few minutes before he had been so honored, but now he was disgraced with a twofold crime. All who had been his friends now treated him with scorn.

Everyone's thoughts turned toward Bob, but no one knew where he was. Edwards who had always believed him innocent decided to start a search as soon as possible. A few days after, Rosalind and Reynold's engagement was broken and she offered to aid in the search. Jack vowed he would not give up until he found Scott and consoled him for all the pain he must have suffered. There was no way to trace him, for he had left no clue. His parents still believed him in College.

Jack decided to secure the aid of detectives. After gaining no satisfaction in any of the places he had so far visited, he went to Hastings. While waiting a few days for results, he went to call upon an old friend of his father, a druggist of Newport, only ten miles distant.

On entering the store, he was more than delighted to find Bob as one of the clerks.

"Is it really you, Bob? How changed you are! Don Reynolds is the guilty one. You are innocent. How can I make amends for the great wrong that has been done to you? I will grant you anything in my power."

"You have not wronged me, Jack," said Bob, looking anxiously at him. "I have often wondered if the real thief would ever be known. But tell me, Jack, is Rosalind yet married to Reynolds?"

"No, Bob, their engagement has been broken, and she was as impatient as I to find you."

The heavy burden fell from his shoulders. A new light came into his eyes. He was no longer dishonered. Many questions were asked about Rosalind, and how things were going along on the Campus.

At the end of the week, Bob was again back at College meeting his old friends. His former friendship with Rosalind was not only renewed but strengthened. Her love for him could never again be stifled by a charge of theft.

EMMA MILLET, '13.

THE DEPARTURE

What a relief! Such was my inward comment as the white-coated attendant deposited my suit-case on the floor of the state-room and handed me the keys. After the hurry and confusion attending the preparation for the journey, the quiet coolness of the white walls of the stateroom and the deep blue of the furnishings was very restful. I looked at my watch and found there was still half an hour before the steamer left the docks. I decided to go out on the deck and watch the scenes along the wharves.

Here quietude and confusion were strangely mixed. The bustling, noisy disorder of the wharves, the hoarse whistle of the locomotives, the sudden jamming of freght cairs, coupled with the rolling rumble of the heavy trucks as they were pushed along the uneven timbers of the wharf, the hurrying crowds of people, the cries of insistent newsboys, who seemed to have the superhuman faculty of being in several places at once, were in strange contrast to the warm, soft, southern sunshine which imparted a sense of lassitude. The soft sound of the waves as they lapped the steamer's sides, accompanied by the lulling rise and fall of the vessel only emphasized the listless idleness suggested by a few indolent clouds which strayed across the palest of blue skies. Nature seemed to be looking on, indulgently smiling approval at man's efforts to conquer her—the unconquerable.

The low, melodious siren of the steamer put an end to my meditations, and brought me back with a start to the increased confusion around me, for it now wanted but a few moments of time for sailing. Dark, swarthy visaged Mexicans pushing trucks piled high with merchandise, swarmed down the gang plank into the hold of the vessel only to return with the empty trucks to be reloaded. Here and there a blue-coated official from the steamer made a conspicuous blot of color in the seething mass.

Five minutes more! The steamer attendants in immaculate white suits carrying suit cases, wormed their way through the crowds from a train which had just arrived, on to the creaking gang plank, and into the porters' department only to reappear again along the cleanly scrubbed decks, showing staterooms to the owner's of the suit cases who followed close in their wake.

The faint pulsing music of the orchestra floated up from the dining room. The decks were rapidly filling with passengers coming out to get a last glimpse of their friends on the wharves.

Finally, the great cables were loosened, the pilot boat attached to the steamer, and we slowly began to move away from the docks. I still stayed out on the deck and watched the fast receding wharves and ships as they diminished in size until they were a dim blurr in the distance.

——We were off!

LEONA ARMSTRONG.

THE BLACK GHOST

Out of the darkness of the night there loomed before me a huge, black object. I stood still and peering on its undefinable outline, strained my eyes.

Fear, born of the weird aspect of the thing before me, and of that lonesome, dismal way I had come, seized me and held me fast.

I took one step backward to a friendly oak and clung there, as if to hide myself beneath its spreading branches.

A long time the object remained the same, and then it began to move, as if it were coming directly toward me.

Ever so slowly it came with bouncing, prancing movements. My fear was changed to frenzy. It was after me, this black ghost. I looked about me for means of escape. I tried to run, but could not. I tried to cry out but could not. I was helpless.

Over the mountains rose the full, round moon. Darkness disappeared and over the earth was cast a flood of clear, soft light.

Now, before me, clearly defined, stood the ghost; but it was no longer black. It was nothing more than the familiar outline of old Brindle, our neighbor's cow, grazing peacefully by the road-side, her head bobbing up and down as she nibbled.

ALVA COOPER, '15.

A DARK DEED

Far from the reach of the strong arm of the law, where might is right there stands a rough pine cabin. The wood surrounding the building is dense and uncut. Within is seated the hero of our tale.

He is clad in the typical garb of the mountaineer, blue flannel shirt, red bandanna handkerchief, high boots, and corduroy trousers. He wears a look of determined and fierce resolve. He is waiting. The nature of his vigil is revealed by the short sinister, shotgun that lies across his knees. A portentous silence reigns.

A rap comes at the door, sharp and distinct. The man rises noiselessly. He half starts toward the door, he pauses irresolute. A baffled look crosses his face. Tap, tap, tap. A pause. Tap, tap, a pause, tap.

The mountaineer's face clears. He steps stealthily across the dirt floor toward the window. He attempts to raise it. A sharp squeak from the sash. The gun is thrust through the opening and the man recoils from the light as though in fear. A succession of taps on the door reassures him and he raises the window another inch. Now he can step through. He does so. He cocks his weapon and steals softly toward the front of the house where the intruder is. It is plain he does not intend flight. At the corner he pauses, and gives one last look at his gun. He springs around the corner. Two shots ring out. A body falls.

It is the body of a wood-pecker!

LLOYD JOHNSON, '16.

"Jean"

"Wow, but that football game tomorrow is going to be some fight; somehow, I feel victory in my bones," exclaimed Shorty, suddenly bursting into his den where his roommate sat idly dreaming. A vigorous slap between the shoulder blades soon brought Stanley's thoughts back to earth. He picked up the "College Yell" from the floor before looking up.

"By the way, old man," continued Shorty, not waiting for an answer, "don't forget—."

"Great Scott, what's the matter?" almost shouted Shorty, on noting the pallor of his friend's face. Quickly snatching a glass of water from the stand he almost poured it down Stanley's throat. Being revived by the cool drink, Stanley rose and met the inquiring eyes of Shorty.

"It's all right, Shorty," he answered with a forced smile. "I'm just a little bit unnerved. I won't forget the game," he called back as he moved towards the door listlessly.

Shorty heard the door-latch snap back in place; he listened until he could hear the far off steps of his friend down the corridor. Then slipping into the comfortable rocker, which Stanley had a few minutes before occupied, he gave a soft whistle.

"Deuced funny," he muttered, "must have been something serious to effect Stanley like that."

"I'd swear I saw a yellow telegram crumpled in his hand. I wonder if the 'Governor' has given him notice?"

Yes, Shorty's suspicions were right. It was a telegram which had caused his friend's troubled frame of mind; but the contents he had not guessed.

Meanwhile Stanley had turned his footsteps towards the depot. There he learned that a train would be leaving for New York in an hour. Entering a restaurant on the opposite side of the street, he ate a hearty supper. A half an hour later he boarded the train headed for New York. Taking out the telegram, he read it again and again.

Western Union, Telegraph Co.

New York, May 25, 1912.

Mr. Stanley Craine,
786 Hyde Street.

Come at once. Jean is gone.

Father.

Three days later at six o'clock in the evening, Stanley swung off the train steps as it slowed down in the New York depot. Jumping into a waiting automobile, he rode home in deep thought. Here he was greeted by his father and mother, who told him about the strange disappearance of his fiancee. No clew or trace had been found of her since she had disappeared two weeks before. A quiet

search had been made, but in vain, and Stanley was sent for to aid them.

For two days Stanley searched everywhere about the city. The next day he went to Boston. Stopping at a hotel, he started a search for her in that city. One afternoon as he was wearily strolling about in a very fashionable park, he came to a rustic bench in front of a large, beautiful fountain. Taking out his pipe he sat down for a few minutes to collect his thoughts .

Suddenly he was startled. Everything was deathlike it was so silent. A silvery voice broke the silence. It seemed to come from behind a bank of flowers on the opposite side of the fountain. He clutched the edge of the bench with nervous fingers as he waited in breathless suspense. Presently he again heard the sweet, soft voice calling, "Marie, Marie, where are you?"

Yes, it was her voice. He tried to speak, but not a sound would come. Suddenly the flowers near the end of the bench on which he sat, parted and a little, dark-haired girl darted out and ran in the direction from which the voice had come. A beautiful girl with a mass of auburn hair piled high on her shapely head came forward to meet the child.

With one final effort Stanley was on his feet. It was Jean, his only little Jean. No other had such a face, such a mass of auburn hair.

"Jean,—oh—Jean," he called, struggling towards her. But no sound reached her ears. Clasping the little child in her arms she stepped into a big touring car and was soon whisked along the beautiful park boulevard. When he reached the spot where she had stood. the car was fast disappearing in the distance. He gazed after it numbly. But it was something to know that she was alive. The weight of doubt on this score was lifted from his heart. She was alive, and well, and in or near Boston. He could search now with a freer mind and with hope of success.

PART II

The next day and still the following day he went to the same bench and waited, in hopes of once more catching sight of her. One evening as he slowly made his way back to hi shotel, feeling despondent and weary, his attraction was attracted by a passing machine.

Once more he started; his heart bounded with joyous raptures; for in the passing machine he recognized the same mass of auburn hair, but she did not see him. He hailed a passing automobile at once, jumpd in, and pointing to the fast disappearing machine, hoarsely shouted:

'Double your fare, if you keep in sight of that black machine ahead."

That was enough for the driver; with a quick natural movement he threw his gear into third clutch. As they dashed along the wide boulevard the houses looked like shadows flitting by. But this

neither Stanley nor the driver noticed; their eyes were riveted on the machine which they were fast gaining on.

Suddenly the machine which they were following slowed down and stopped before a magnificent mansion. Jean jumped out and ran up the broad steps with the little girl. The door was opened by a man in livery. The door had hardly closed when Stanley leaped up the broad steps and gave the bell a vigorous ring. He was finally admitted after much arguing with the footman over his lack of a card.

After waiting a few minutes, which seemed hours, the curtains by a large door parted and Jean stood in the doorway like one turned to stone.

"Oh, Stanley, why did you come? she sobbed, as he took her in his arms.

"Jean, my Jean, at last, at last, I've found you. Look up, dearest, and tell me why you ran away." he answered, as he held her closer in his strong arms.

Presently he released her, and drew her down on a low couch beside him. And then she told him how one day, being left alone she had opened a large letter which she had seen often in her father's safe. It contained papers of adoption of a little girl named Jean. She had not been able to bear the thought that the people upon whom she had always looked as parents were not her very own; she had slipped away to think.

Stanley, happy at the thought that this was all that was wrong, held her hands and kissed her resoundingly on the lips to the amazement of the dignified footman who passed the open door just at that moment.

"Oh, you little silly," he said laughing teasingly. "Why didn't you wait and learn the truth? That Jean spoken of in the letter is dead. Your mother and father adopted her before you were born, but she died soon after. Many a time my mother has told me about her. Her hair was as dark as yours is fair. Now you see you shouldn't look into other people's letters and draw your own conconclusions," he concluded, mischieviously pulling a stray lock of her hair.

Jean now smiled and sly little dimples played hide-and-seek about the corners of her mouth.

Great was the rejoiing between the two families that evening when they were all reunited. On being asked whether he intended returning to college, Stanley, with a knowing wink and a side glance at the now blushing Jean, said: "No; I think Jean needs me to watch her; she might take it into her head to leave us again."

EDNA FREEMAN, '13.

In Love and War

Frat House balls were always gay. The one given on the night of June 10th, at the Delta Psi House, however, seemed the gayest. As the young figures danced around, an onlooker would not have thought, that on the morrow, many of these smiling young men would be carried away to the Orient, to fight for their country and perhaps die.

Peace among the nations.

In vain the movement had taken its course, and now, the white nations were facing the "Yellow Peril." It was a force long since recognized by the diplomats. Yet, these skilled men, these diplomats, sat at banquets, talked over tables of the possibilities of the Peace Movement, published literature on the subject and encouraged its growth, but each and every one of them held in his mind a doubt. That doubt was the "Yellow Peril". The Oriental Nations had awakened.

Thus were the young men of the nation enjoying perhaps their last dance.

"Lorraine, do you want to sit out the next two dances with me? Let's go out into the garden." Frederick looked pleadingly at her as he said it.

She looked wistfully into his blue eyes and said softly, "Gladly, Frederick, you know I would do anything for you."

He was glad, almost too enthusiastic now, for he knew that she really loved him. Before he had always been in the shadows. Then there was his rival, too, Charles Crane, a son of Admiral Crane of the Navy. Frederick hated him as an honest man hates, but this Crane was a sneak, a coward, who pretended that he was a good friend even to his enemies.

"Lorraine, you surprised me," he said quietly. He paused. "I will be frank with you. Do you honestly love me? Or, is it just for tonight, the last night that any of us may see you or any of the girls again?"

She bowed her head for a moment, then looked up with her eyes rapidly filling with tears. "Yes, Frederick,—I have—always—loved you—but—you never seemed to care."

Frederick drew her gently to him and kissed her. His love was not the kind that springs up in a moment like the mushroom but like the love the old prospector has for the gold which he knows is lying deep beneath, waiting for him.

They were siting in the swing, under the moonlight of a spring night. Everything around was beautiful, the green lawns, the flowers, and the rustling trees. It was an ideal night for a proposal.

Frederick stopped the swing for a moment, put his arm around her and said earnestly: "Lorraine, I, too, have always loved you—I I never let you know because—I was too young then. But now—I am older." He laughed softly, "Will you be my wife—Lorraine?"

Again it took her only a moment to speak, and then she answered tremulously, "Yes."

How happy were those two lovers as they embraced each other in that moment. It was sad. It was the night before they would be parted. Maybe forever.

On the next morning all was a hustle and a bustle around the transport docks. Frederick's cruiser was to sail at ten o'clock. Hundreds of soldiers were scampering up the planks and shouting lusty farewells to sad relatives and friends.

Frederick Stanley had been allowed a commissioned lieutenancy for he had held an uncommissioned lieutenancy in the college signal corps. He stood with his fiancee, Lorraine Bothwell in the front part of the ship, away from inquisitive eyes. She stood there nervously. The tears showed plainly in her large brown eyes.

"Don't cry, darling. It's all right. I'll be back as sure—as sure as there is a God in Heaven.—I have never done anything so wrong that He will not let me come back," he said, as she buried her head on his shoulder. He lifted her head gently and looked into her eyes longingly. "Now, Good-bye, Lorraine.—Kiss me." She did so. She hung to him despairingly. Finally she unlocked her arms, took a locket from her throat and fastened it around his neck.

"Frederick—my picture is in it. Will you always wear it? There's a secret back. You may want to write something some time. It will come back to me. My name and address are engraved on it."

"Yes. I will. But you foolish little girl. I won't ever have to write anything," he said laughing.

"You may," she said.

It was hard for her to go down the gang-plank but she did, with a bursting heart. Still she felt better. There was something in his words and reassuring voice which told her that he would come back.

Two months later found Frederick actively engaged in the signal corps under Admiral Crane, the father of his rival. The rival was also a lieutenant of the same degree as Frederick and on the same cruiser. He always greeted and saluted Frderick, but it was always that deep treacherous nature of Crane's which made him feel uncomfortable.

With a few days of acquaintance, Frederick was a strong favorite among his fellow officers and men, but it was not true of his rival. Crane's peculiar ways and demeanor held back the friendship of many a good comrade. All of these things indicated the unsavory character which unfortunately he possessed. Frederick's ability as an expert on aeroplanes was soon recognized by his superiors, and it was not long before he was given the position of commanding officer of the air fleet, which now put him in a position where he was over Crane.

One day the admiral ordered Stanley out to locate the enemy, who was thought to be in their vicinity. Frederick went to quarters and slipped into his gear. Before coming on deck he fastened a small gold locket around his neck. It was the one which Lorraine had given him. Unfortunately he let it dangle from the outside of his collar, and when he appeared on deck his brother offi-

cers joked him about it good naturedly. Crane was there but stood to one side. There was a sullen, triumphant smile on his features. Stanley saw the smile and wondered why. Yes. It was that treacherous look.

"Was the tank filled, Jones?" he asked.

"Yes. It was filled; I saw to it myself Lieutenant," answered Crane before the seaman could reply.

"Very well, start her up," he ordered. The muffled motor buzzed to the satisfaction of Frederick's sensitive ear. He stepped into the frail seat, adjusting the straps about his shoulders and was about to give the signal to let go when Crane stepped up to him and thrust a note into his pocket, and said: "Read it after awhile. Not important." The machine shot down the long steel deck and leaped into the air. Its pilot guided it around and around in great winding circles, his purpose being to climb high enough to be out of sight from below and still low enough so that he could observe everything.

Frederick set the rudders as soon as he was able to, for he suspected that Crane was up to some treacherous work. Taking out the crumpled note, he read it in haste.—This is in case you read this note before you are dead. I saw—He did not stop to read it all. The wires were tested, the elevating planes were worked vigorously and the aerolons were rocked back and forth. No. They were all right. Everything was all right. But—the motor! The explosions of the exhaust were getting louder. Suddenly the muffler blew to pieces. He jammed the throttle shut with his foot.

"D— him. That's some of his work," he said releasing himself from the straps and peering into the gas tank. "No wonder the dirty cur filled it himself. Nitroglycerine. Thank God I will be able to fool him." Saying this he turned on a cock and let the dangerous liquid run harmlessly into space.

Crane, like all criminals, was ingenious. His plan was a clever one. By experiment he found that the explosive would take about four minutes to sink to the bottom of a tank of gasoline and then—the rest would inevitably happen. But, he had not counted on the fact that it would enter the motor slowly. The increasing loudness of the explosions had given the aviator a warning.

Frederick looked below for the cruiser. He thought of going down and reporting the treachery, but gritted his teeth and swore to deal with Crane in his own way.

"No, I shall not. As long as the engine is helpless I guess I'll glide down there and see what can be done," he said looking down a sea of mountains below him.

Something caught his ear. A faint sound behind him made him turn around mechanically. Surely there were no planes up at this altitude. He turned again. This time he beheld a sight which made him sick with fear. Half a mile behind and slightly above him he saw a large black machine gaining on him at a rapid rate. He was helpless without a motor. The last resort was to make the "dive," a thing held in dread by even expert aviators. Again he turned. It would be a useless attempt now, for the machine was close upon

him. It would be better to maneuver and take a chance at dodging an attack. All these thoughts flashed through his brain. The black machine was nearly upon him.

"The aero-destroyer, or I'm a—. It's Crane. The coward. Come to see the job he thought was finished, eh?" he muttered.—"My God—he may be able to see his scheme through yet," he said, realing his danger. "I must write a note—but where is some paper." Suddenly he thought of Crane's "death-warrant." "Yes. That would do." The writing attracted his eye. He had forgotten that he had not read it all.—This is in case you read this note before you are dead. I saw you wearing her picture in that locket. I am going to follow you and get that locket and get you, too, if my first one doesn't work. She is in Hong Kong now, at the army hospital. I will see her tonight. When they find you, you will be dead with some important plans on your body. You can imagine what it will do to your name.

"Good God! Those plans." he exclaimed. The note was turned over and a message was quickly written.—Crane is upon me; if they find my body you will know it is his work. Good bye, Lorraine."

"Where can I put it so that he will not find it? Her locket!" He pried open the secret back, put the note in, closed it and dropped the trinket in his collar.

The great forested mountains were closer now and here and there a green spot marked a landing place. Crane was but a few yards away. Frederick sat firmly in his seat, grasped the control and gritted his teeth. He knew that the end was near but meant to fight to the last. The "destroyer" was a deadly machine, but Frederick laid his hopes in "dodging." Crane swooped down beside him, suddenly, muffled his exhaust, and shouted to Frederick. There was a sneer on his face. "This is my play. D— you, I've got you where I want you. You'd be in H— a long time before this if you hadn't found the "dope." Frederick could have leaped at him and choked him. "I always make double sure. That's why I am here. Did you read the note?" Frederick could bear the taunts no longer. His body quivered with rage. He half rose in his seat, leaned over and felt for his service revolver, but, his fingers only slipped into an empty holster. Crane laughed at him tauntingly. He had stolen that and placed a weight inside, taking its place. The leather flap had hidden the exchange. Frederick swore and cursed Crane like a trooper. His anger finally subsided and he spoke to him as one would speak to a yellow cur. "Yes; I read that note, you measly cur.—You don't deserve your father's name. What you are doing now, and are going to do fits your character. At college you were hated. You always will be.—Do you think she'd marry you—if you 'get me.'—Remember what I am telling you, she will never marry you, she would rather die." He sat back again. He was going to make one last "dive" for his life anyway.

"Here, cut that, or I'll send you 'out' quicker than falling," shouted Crane at the same time covering him. Frederick hated to comply, but did. He saw that he might have a chance yet. And

then—There was Lorraine. Sweet Lorraine. If he could but see her face once again. Crane's fiendish voice awakened him. "D— you. I know you're thinking of her. Stanley, I will give you a chance to live." He had thought of a plan. "If I can get him off his guard," he thought. "Ah. I have it." "Stanton. I will spare you if—do you see that garrison down there? That's one of the enemy's camps. Take these plans, give them to this other government and you will live. They will report your treachery after the war is over, but what do you care?" In the meantime Frederick wondered at the cunning, the lowness of this man. What was the cause of it all? "It is passion for her," he said under his breath." "No—What are you—Crane—Do you realize what you are doing? Do you know what it means to give those plans away? Kill me, and be satisfied, but for the sake of the nations, don't give them up," he burst out. Crane, however, paid no attention. He was writing something.

"Do you agree, Stanley?" he asked, folding the note.

"No; I don't. To H— with you. I'd strangle—" His voice was drowned by the noise of the speeding motor.

"Very well," Crane yelled, drawing off for the attack.

Frederick knew his chances were slim but shoved the control out as far as it would go, in the hope of making the ground in safety. His machine dived like an arrow. He would almost make it. The other machine, however, was faster and then, too, its pilot was flushed with the luck of having revenge. Crane dived after. His machine crashed into it with a crunching noise. Its occupant was hurled into space. The body fell into the branches of a tree where it poised for a moment and then toppled to the ground. The machine was like a bird attacked by a hawk.

The spintered wood, the silk coverings, everything, fluttered down and settled around the apparently lifeless body of Frederick. Crane had drawn off like a victorious eagle, and, like an eagle, returned to view his ghastly deed. Stanley still breathed but Crane did not notice it. He dropped beside him, took the plans out of his own pocket, attached a note to them and placed the precious papers inside the unconscious man's breast pocket. As he unbuttoned Frederick's coat he noticed the little locket that he swore to get, dangling from his throat. He undid the clasp roughly, then held the trinket in his palm and looked longingly at Lorraine's beautiful face. Muttering something he fastened it around his own neck. A sudden idea flashed through his mind. He searched in every pocket of the figure's clothes but found nothing resembling the note he had written. He knew that there was enough evidence in that note to convict himself. To be certain of a clean path he took the locket off his neck again and examined it closely. There was nothing about it to arouse his suspicion so he placed it back on his neck. Crane was man enough to cross Frederick's arms on his breast before he left, for he thought that he was dead. Yet, it was not the man in him, really. It was the religious superstition which associates with the ignorant and evil.

"That ends you. Well, all's fair in love and war anyway. Back to the ship for me. I'll get leave and see her in Hong Kong tonight.

D— the navy anyway. Too strict.' How Crane's mind could amble along in so matter of fact way was almost superhuman. He wasn't sane. Passion was his governor. It made him appear brave and fearless as he was now. The rattling and clanking of cavalry brought him back to his true character. He slunk toward his machine. The muffler was closed. In a minute he was out of sight. A small troop of horsemen came up the slope on the run. They noticed the scattered wreck and the body. It was an American officer that was lying there. Had Crane been there he would have danced with joy for the men were Americans. He had mistaken the girrison for an enemy's. The world would hear of the betrayal sure, now. Fate was playing into his hands.

The officer dismounted in a hurry. A wiry captain stooped over the body and listened for heart beats. "He's still alive. Here! Give me that flask. Baine, Stevens, get the stretcher," he ordered. The men hurried off. The captain lifted the man's head and poured a little gin down his throat. The figure moved but remained unconscious.

"Pretty far gone," the captain mumbled. "From the air fleet. Crane's command I guess. Glad we found him. Wonder who he is. He may have papers?" He unbuttoned the leather jacket, reached within the breast pocket and pulled out a roll of paper. A note hung to it. He read the note. A scowl crossed his perplexed brow. He read it again. "These are the plans we agreed upon. Will collect the money through that agent.—Frederick Stanley." The captain took the plans to one side and gave them a glance. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. "Good God. If they had gotten hold of them," he said to himself. "Every move we made would be known. Frederick Stanley an officer of the navy. Let me see. Stanley—Stanley. Ah, I met him once. Yes. But why would he put his name to the note if he were engaged in such a hazardous job? He clenched his fist. "This disgrace shall not be found out. It must not. An American officer betraying the white nations. Impossible. He could not think of it. "I'd let you lay. You deserve it, but—," his voice broke off into a sharp order. "Men, put that man on the stretcher. Take him back." The troopers placed the body of Frederick on the stretcher none too gently. They suspected that some "dirty work" had been done. The captain mounted his horse and rode swiftly to the garrison.

"Call cruiser No. 3. Get Admiral Crane quick." The operator was too slow for him. "Here; get out of here. Give me the keys." The captain sat down himself, and called the cruiser: "Admiral Crane, do you miss any plans?" The answer came back, "Yes." They are safe if there is only one set." "Hold them at all hazards. One set is all."

"I will."

"Lieutenant Crane has just arrived." Wait a moment.—He reports seeing Lieutenant Stanley in enemy's country. Is Stanley there, and did he have the plans on his person?"

"Yes. Lieutenant Stanley is here. He had the plans."

"Is Stanley dead?"

"No; he may live."

"Was there anything to show that he intended to use them dishonorably?"

"Yes, a note was tied to them. Stanley's name was signed to the effect that he would collect money through some agent."

The Admiral gave the O. K. signal and the rapid fire questions were closed. He stepped out of the wireless room onto the bridge and summoned his son into the chart room to get a full account of the circumstances. A heavy frown was upon his face as he closed the door behind him. "Charles, this is a serious matter. Stanley was found near one of our garrisons."

"What! Near one of our garrisons? I'll swear to it that we were over the enemy's country." He turned away to hide his joy. Everything was turning his way.

"We? Who do you mean?" asked the admiral.

Crane turned pale and stammered: "Well, I may as well tell you all, father—When I left here this morning I went after Stanley. I suspected him." Crane regained his air of bravado. "When I came upon him he was heading toward the enemy's country. I hailed him, but he refused to stop. Accordingly I forced him down into a valley where his machine was wrecked. I was about to take the plans out of his pocket when I heard the loud clanking of cavalry. I thought that they were the enemy and flew off in a hurry."

The admiral nodded his head doubtfully and said: "Stanley was such a nice fellow. It is too bad that he wasn't killed outright. It means—"Crane interrupted him suddenly. "What? Wasn't killed outright?" He was thinking rapidly to himself. "I wonder if he'll squeal. If he does it's against him. The note was a good idea."

"It means a trial by court-martial. No doubt he will be shot," the admiral said.

"Yes. It's too bad he must be shot. Yes." He cursed under his breath.

Crane's father looked at him suspiciously and said, "Charles it is a very peculiar case. I am sure I saw those plans in the secretary after Stanley left. I could see them across the room from where I sat when I heard him leave the deck."

Crane clutched the table edge. He dreaded to look his father square in the face and said quickly. "Is that all you want to know, father?"

"Yes, but come here for a moment; what's this hanging from your neck?—Ah, Ha. She is pretty anyway. Who is she?"

Crane turned red and put his hand to his throat. He stammered: "Oh, that's a friend of mine.—By the way, father, may I go ashore for a few hours?"

The old Admiral laughed. He knew that there was some connection between the woman in the locket, Stanley, and his own son, but said nothing. "Yes, Charles, you may.—Report to the officer of the deck."

Lorraine was glad to answer the urgent call for nurses which was going through the land, for she would have an opportunity to be near her lover. With a few weeks of training she became a cap-

able nurse. She looked beautiful in her nurse's cap and soft blue uniform, and even the doctors joshed her good naturedly. They told her that she was to pretty for a nurse and that the patients would never become well as long as she was their nurse. Lorraine, however, always laughed at them and replied in such a manner as to keep them quiet for a while.

She had received a letter from Frederick telling her that his cruiser was in the China waters. Mr. Bothwell, her father, was able to have her transferred to Hong Kong through his influence, with the surgeon-general.

She sent a "wireless" to his cruiser on the day her steamer docked, but a reply came back, saying that he had just left in a machine. Her heart beat with fear as she thought of his going up in an aeroplane. The work gave her something to calm her mind, however, and she set to it with a will.

"May I see Miss Bothwell?" Crane closed the door.

"Certainly. Please step in the library. I will call her." The matron went out quietly. Crane walked over to the window.

"Hellow, Charles Crane. How are you?" Lorraine's cheek took on a tinge of red. Her sudden greeting surprised him for he whirled around. He was plainly nervous, but at the sight of her he could face anything. He attempted to clasp her in his arms.

"No. No.—Charles. You must not. Frederick and I are engaged, you know." Lorraine looked absently away for she was happy.

"What? You?—to Him? Lorraine—I always thought you loved me," he said savagely. "I wished I'd killed him there," he thought to himself. God! If she finds out the truth. I don't mind the others. But my word is as good as his." Crane turned his head away guiltily as she looked at him and saw his savagery. There was something dangling from his throat that seemed strangely familiar to her.

"Where did Frederick go this morning?" she asked, looking at the locket.

Crane stared. "She sees the locket! What can I tell her?—Ah. I've got it. Lorraine's small fists were clenched. "Charles Crane, where did you get that locket? I gave that to Frederick." She went to the door and turned the key. When she came back Crane was himself again.

"Lorraine. I'll have to tell you—." His voice seemed pitiful to her. She advanced toward him and spoke quickly. "Tell me is he—" Her little lips were trembling for she was afraid to utter the word.

"No. He's not dead but—." She uttered a cry. "Oh—I thank God.—Tell me where he is that I may go to him," she cried excitedly. Crane's face hardened. He continued. "But he is severely injured. He deserved it. I hate to tell you but I must." Crane was about to lie. She looked straight at him. "Frederick Stanley turned a traitor. This is not known everywhere, do not repeat it." She was crying. "Yes, a traitor to his country. I was forced to—to follow him. He refused to stop when I hailed. I knew he had some plans and followed him. I hated to do it—." Crane laughed to himself. "Duty bound me to do what I did. Lorraine you wouldn't

want to see your locket on a traitor would you? That's why I have it."

She was crying as if her heart would break. "Oh, Frederick, I do not believe—" she straightened up suddenly, her eyes flashing.

"You are telling a falsehood. Do you think I believe what you are telling me?" Crane felt the force of her anger. "Someway, I doubted you at college, Charles, and now I doubt your character more. I am going to speak plainly to you." He winced under her fiery wrath but held his tongue for he saw that he would have to play carefully to win her. "You are lying and you know it. I have never uttered those words before. Will you at look me square in the face and say that all you have told me is true?"

Crane decided to try a little diplomacy. He laughed at her mockingly and said, "Lorraine, you are making me laugh. You are worse than a secret service spotter. Take it as you may, but it is true." He looked at her to see the effect. A change was coming over her face, a softer half sorry expression was taking the place of her former troubled angry countenance. She looked at him and thought that he was suffering terrible mental agony. He looked so pitiable. As she did she remembered the force of his words. They had cut her brain. "Frederick Stanley, a traitor." A sudden impulse seized her. "Where is Fredrick? He may need me. Will you take me to him—oh—" She was crying again. Crane attempted to soothe her but she repulsed him. He stood back abashed. A ferocious grin overspread his features.

"Lorraine. Would you love a traitor—a traitor?" He let her realize the meaning of the words. Like a flash she rose from her chair and turned on him. "Yes. I would. Even were he a traitor. If Frederick Stanley had those plans he held them innocently—" Crane was furious but still held back his wrath. To talk about her lover only incensed her.

"Well, I must go, Lorraine. Please do not feel angry. Good bye." He turned to go.

"Just a moment." Something had nearly slipped her mind. "I wish you would give me." She checked herself, quickly and stood thinking. "No. If there is a note inside I will wait until tomorrow and make him confess before them all."

"Never mind. I was thinking of something else. Good bye," she said, giving him a little smile. He went out highly elated. That one little smile gave him worlds of confidence.

Just as he went out, Miss Travers, the matron came in, closed the door and asked: "Miss Bothwell, would you like to be one of the four nurses to go over to Garrison 3 We just received a wireless saying nurses were needed over ther. Would you want." She had noticed that Lorraine had been crying. "What is it, dear?" she asked, putting her arms around her soothingly. "Was it he that just left?" Lorraine buried her face on the matron's shoulder and cried softly. Miss Travers kissed her and said quietly: "Don't cry. Everything will be all right, dear." Lorraine raised her head at last and asked: "Miss Travers, do you know whether there is a Lieutenant Stanley on the sick list?"

"Why,—yes, yes. There is a lieutenant at Garison 3 by that

name. Broken collar bone I think. I recorded his name just a moment ago. That is the place where I asked you whether you would like to go?'' Lorraine brightened up immediately and exclaimed excitedly. ''Miss Travers, you are a dear. I will go at once.—did you say he had a broken collar bone?'' The nurse nodded. ''Will you help me pack a few things?'' Lorraine grasped the smiling matron by the hands and danced her around and around until she floundered into a chair exhausted.

''But my dear little girl, you must wait until tomorrow and then you will be taken over in one of the navy machines,'' said the matron.

''Tomorrow, why can't I go now? Oh—I'm so disappointed,'' she said, stamping her little foot and pouting.

Miss Travers smiled and then laughed. ''I see. There is an interested party. Well, I thought there was something up your sleeve. But you see, my dear, we must obey and wait for the orders of 'Uncle Sam.' Lieutenant Crane is to take the four of you over tomorrow. One day isn't long to wait.'' The matron couldn't persuade her, however, for Lorraine was fearful lest her lover should get worse before she could get to him. Then, too, Frederick probably knew by this time of the false accusation against him. His sickness together with this terrible accusation, would prey on his mind and perhaps cause his death. That night she was unable to sleep with such thoughts passing through her mind. But she was, nevertheless, a bit happy. Tomorrow Crane was to take her over to the garrison, and there she would corner him and make him confess.

On the next morning she arose early, packed her things and was ready by the time the machine arrived.

Crane was perceptibly nervous as the four nurses stepped into the machine. It was a game of win or lose to him. But he held himself up in his cowardly, evil way. He was going to carry out his plans, by just or unjust means, no matter which. As he escorted the nurses to the infirmary he recalled the little smile Lorraine had given him, and his confidence increased to such a degree that he took on an air of bravado. The nurses were soon in their uniforms ready for work. The chief-surgeon had requested that they do so as their help was badly needed in the overcrowded wards.

Lorraine walked into the ward, slightly flushed. Crane walked beside her, a determined expression was on his face. Her appearance was heralded as if by an electric shock to the sick and wounded. As she walked lightly down the aisles the poor fellows tried to brighten up a little. Here and there some poor devil could be seen striving to part his matted hair with his hands, or straighten his disordered covers. To many she smiled and spoke a few cheery words. Anxiously she let her eyes search in all directions for a glimpse of her lover, but she saw nothing of his handsome face. No wonder. She had forgotten. He was an officer, and of course he was not in the wards. The chief surgeon was passing through the ward at the same time, and, when Lorraine saw him, she advanced toward him quickly and said: ''Doctor, could you tell me where Lieutenant

Stanley's cot is? I would like to see him for just a few moments." Crane scowled and uttered a curse under his breath.

"Certainly. Please follow me. He is in the officer's ward on my right here," said he.

After they had gone the chatter began in the ward. The sick and wounded recovered long enough to lean out of their beds and ask each other about the new nurses and, especially, the one who had just passed through. It was a great thing to bring a little brightness into the lives of these men, for some of them were destined to die. Lorraine would have been happy if she knew, too.

The surgeon led them up to a small alcove on the door of which he rapped softly. Crane was standing by, unmoved, and said to Lorraine: "Lorraine, I do not wish to get angry with him. I know that he will try to deny all, but I am in the right. We have the proof absolutely—the facts about him."

The doctor left them, telling them to knock again. Lorraine knocked again without paying heed to Crane.

"Come in," said a stern voice. Crane heard the voice. It was his father's, Admiral Crane's voice. He was panic stricken for a moment and stood hesitantly, fearing to tell such a bare faced lie before his parent. Again he faced the door—his hand trembled as he grasped the knob. Lorraine saw him hesitate and said quickly. "Are you afraid? You are in the right. He will feel too disgraced to look us in the face." She referred to her lover as he—it was for a purpose. This was something unusual for Lorraine to do. So Crane thought, and he noticed it. It gave him confidence again and he walked into the room. Lorraine gave a little cry and rushed to Frederick's side where she kneeled; her arms clasping him desperately as if he were to be taken away from her forever. Neither one said a word for a moment. Crane looked on savagely—his hand fingering the hilt of the sword beside him menacingly. He was quivering with rage and wholly unconscious of the presence of his father who sat quietly by watching him. He did not see the happy greeting between the two lovers, but only saw the passion, the ferocious cruelty, everything that was evil, on his son's face. His face hardened and his gray eyes took on a glint like steel. He was determined to deal with his own son as he would with any man.

"Charles, I wish that you would draw up a chair beside the bed there," he said, pointing to the cot.

"What? Beside him? A traitor?—I will not." Crane turned toward Frederick and almost shouted, "D— you anyway, Stanley. How can you hold that innocent girl in your arms—you—a traitor—a coward?" Frederick lifted himself to a sitting position and drew Lorraine up beside him gently. He spoke quietly, but forcefully. "Crane! Hold your tongue. I am well enough to choke the lies out of you. Were it not for the respect I have for Admiral Crane, your father, I would kill you!" Crane clenched his fists but said nothing. "You are standing like a man—will you answer me as a man? Do you swear before God, and before your father there, that I stole those plans for a purpose—you know what? Answer me?"

Crane looked down at Lorraine, who was crying on her lover's

breast. He looked at this crying girl and saw in her all that was desirable to his evil mind and answered curtly: "Yes; I can."

"Crane, there is nothing to prove the falsity of your statement excepting that your father told me today that he had seen those plans in his secretary after I had left—but he may have made a mistake. Also it is a case of one man's words against another's. I need not relate the other points in your favor, need I?"

Crane looked at him triumphantly and answered, "No." and scowled again when he looked at the girl who was whispering into Frederick's ear. Frederick sat bolt upright and was about to say something, but she stopped him before he did. She whispered: "Let me manage him he may make a 'break'." She stood up, walked toward Crane and said in a pouting way, "Now—you can give me that locket since we have finished quarreling—I forgot to ask you for it yesterday."

Uususpecting, Crane unfastened the chain and placed the trinket in her palm. Admiral Crane now stepped up closer. He seemed to realize that something unusual lay under her manner. Frederick sat up in bed, his whole weight resting on his palms. His face was flushed with hope. Lorraine went up closer to Crane and said demurely: "Charles, did anyone else wear this besides you?"

Crane looked at her and replied, "Why no—I have worn it since —then." He meant since he had taken it off Frederick's body, but did not say it before her because it was his purpose this time.

Before anyone realized what she was doing she had opened the back of the locket with her finger nail. She took a white note out. Admiral Crane stared. Crane turned a deadly pale and grasped a chair arm beside him. For a moment everything was quiet then her ringing voice broke the heavy stillness. "Do you see this writing?" she asked unfolding the note and holding one side up for him to see? He gulped convulsively and nodded his head. His speech was paralyzed. He read the note in fear, but as he continued to read, his confidence came back to him once more. It was Frederick's message. "Yes," he said. He probably wrote that when I was after him." Crane turned toward Frederick. "Stanley, where did you get my writing paper.

Frederick tried to look frightened. "Yes, that is some of your writing paper, he admitted. While Crane's head was turned Lorraine turned the note over quickly and said, "Charles, I wish that you and your father would read this again to be sure of its meaning. They both began to read again. Crane gave the writing one glance, staggered back where he collapsed into a chair. His father read the note slowly and then advanced toward his son. His eyes glinted again. He spoke quietly but sternly. "Charles—you are my son. This dastardly crime which you have committed does not befit a Crane." Crane was sobbing. "I am now convinced of your guilt. Lieutenant Stanley told me about the circumstances. At first I was inclined to believe both of you. But now—I know you are the coward, the traitor—you—a Crane. God—That such a disgrace should come upon our name." The old admiral broke down and wept.

Frederick looked at him pitifully for he was sorry for the old

man. Lorraine too, buried her head on Frederick's shoulder, and cried. Frederick patten her golden head. At last she looked up with tear stained cheeks and said, "Can we do something for him, Frederick? I feel so sorry for Admiral Crane—it would be terrible for the world to know this. " His heart was touched, even though it was now a soldier's heart. He hesitated for a moment and thought of the man before him—the man would have ruined his life. She saw him hesitate and said pleadingly, "Please"—Then she kissed him.

"Admiral Crane, how many know about this affair?" He had regained his composure but there was still a sad expression on his grizzled face.

"Lieutenant, there are four. Yourself, this dear girl here, Captain Strand, who found you, and myself. May I ask why you ask?", he said suspiciously.

"Certainly. I—", Frederick hesitated, for he knew that the old seaman would never consent to the proposition which he was generously going to offer. "I am sure that this affair can be hushed up, Admiral. I will—rather we will forgive your son," he said thinking of Lorraine.

The Admiral folded his arms and sat in deep thought. Then he arose and paced up and down the room—the clank of his sword sounded like the monotonous march of a guard on watch. At last he stopped before the table and rested the points of his fingers on it and said, "Yes, Lieutenant Stanley, the matter can be hushed, but—" He hesitated. He did not dare say what he was going to say before Lorraine. Frederick knew it and attempted to check him from completing the thought but the Admiral put up hs hand in a gesture of silence.

Frederick looked at Crane who was now a picture of fear, and pitied him. He realized that the man's father was about to deal out his son's fate. The old seaman began to speak again.

"Charles, you understand your position. Go—and remember your honor is at stake. I need not tell you what is required you—you know." He pointed toward the door.

Frederick attempted to speak, but the Admiral silenced him again. The son stood on his feet with a mighty effort and walked drunkenly toward the door. His head was lowered in despair—all the life, the manhood had left his body. Only an instant, he turned and said brokenly, "Father, I—I am yet man enough—to do—what I ought." He opened the door and went out. Lorraine stroked her lover's forehead softly and as she did, she saw the mental stress under which he was laboring. "What is it dear? What is he going to do?" she asked in alarm. Frederick looked at the Admiral, who stood grimly with folded arms and said, "Nothing, Lorraine. Do you remember the day I laughed and said that I would not need to write?"

"Yes, are—." The door opened suddenly. The figure of a soldier stood there, saluted, and attempted to speak, but hesitated.

"Speak, man," The Admiral commanded. The soldier came over to the table.

Captain Strand sent this message and your son this," he said handing the messages over. The orderly left the room. The Admiral read his son's note first. It read: "Dear Father—If you thought I was fool enough to kill myself you were mistaken. Life is too dear. You will never see me again. I am going away. I did all for the sake of her. Good-bye, Your son, Charles."—He stood with the note in his hand his chest was heaving with emotion. In the other hand the second note lay, unread. He hoped that its contents were what he was praying for. He read it eagerly, "Admiral Crane. Dear Sir: "Lieutenant Crane, your son, went up in his machine a moment ago and was seen to fall. I sent a machine after him but am sorry to say that he was past aid." He handed this note to me before he went up to hand to you. Signed, Captain Strand."

Admiral Crane folded the note slowly—an expression of contentment on his face. Lorraine looked at him tearfully and felt satisfied that it was not what she feared, but Frederick fathomed its meaning in the seaman's face. He was sorry down in his heart, that such a thing had to happen. To the Admiral, however, honor was above all things. It was as he had often told his son, "Honor, my son, is above all things. In this world it is more than religion to me. It is part of religion. Remember!" But the son was too much of a coward to remember. It was just as well—his life was taken anyway.

Frederick hugged Lorraine lovingly and said, "Do you remember when I said that, Lorraine?" She kissed him and said softly, "Yes." Love is a most extraordinary creation. In a time of war when one would imagine it being held the cheapest the opposite is true. Thus it was with Frederick and Lorraine, who saw in each other the embodied god and goddess of love.

ALFRED MARTEL, JR., '13.

THE GARDEN

Through the open windows, the odor of white lilacs and the acrid sweetness of the blooming plum tree floated into the room. This lured me out into the garden. I stood under the plum tree and breathed, and breathed, of its sweetness, and then I stood on tiptoe and plucked a beautiful, perfect spray of the lilacs. I buried my nose in it. How spicy, how sweet, how delicate, yet how penetrating was its odor!

There were many other flowers blooming in the garden—violets, that heavily perfumed the air about them; china-lilies, sending forth their sickening odor; honey-suckle, with its penetrating spiciness; and ever and ever so many more; but I liked, and have always liked the white lilacs and the plum-blossoms best.

ALVA COOPER.

I.

We love you, Alma Mater, you're the dearest school of all,
We've loved you in the past years, yes, we loved you, one and all.
We love you now at parting even more than e'er before,
We love thee for thine honor, yes, thy name, we do adore.

II.

We love thee for the knowledge, that we all have gained from thee;
We love thee for thy teachers, now their worth we truly see;
We love thee for the schoolmates, who thy name have held on high;
We love thee for their spirit, may its vigor never die.

III.

We love thee, when as trackmen, our boys fought to bring thee fame;
We loved thee in the classroom, for thy good, has been our aim;
We love thee, now at parting, and this love will ever last;
We leave thee, Alma Mater, leave with thee our happy past.

CHORUS

O, the brightest and best of the pleasures
We have had in the years gone by,
Have been spent, we can see, Alma Mater, with thee.
Mountain View, may thy name never die,
Only joy has been ours in full measure,
In this school, our school, we leave;
And the love, long will last, though our schooldays are past;
Fare-thee-well, dear Alma Mater.

(To be sung to the tune of "I Love Thee, California.)

ALICE EASTWOOD, '13.

HOROSCOPE OF CLASS OF 1913

NAME	Better known as	Speaking Generally	Favorite expression	Favorite Song	Favorite pastime
Naomi Booher	Shortie	Laughing	"You crazy thing."	"They always pick on me."	Going home from church (?)
Esther Booher	Sis	Joking	"I didn't mean to."	"I just can't make my eyes behave."	Thinking of "some one."
Henrietta Dyer	Etta	Happy go lucky.	"Here comes the prof."	"Everybody's doin' it."	Working geometry in history class.
Alice Eastwood	Blondie	Troublesome	"No you don't."	"Just Someone."	Writing notes.
Ethel Emerson	Fido	Teasing	"I won't like you anymore."	"Waltz me around again, Frank."	Debating on the tariff.
Edna Freeman	Ed	Kidding	"Get out."	"Oh, You beautiful doll."	Dancing
Reginald Harcourt	Deacon	Filibustering	"Beat it, quick!"	"I can't tell you why I love you, but I do."	Waiting for the goodone (win).
Clarence Kensler	Doc	Slow	"Huh?"	"Gee, ain't I glad I'm single."	Resting.
Mary Logue	Mamie	Goodnatured	"Let's see kiddo."	"Under the Yum Yum tree."	Learning latest rag.
Earnest Loucks	Swede	Inquisitive	"Aw."	'I'll get even, just you wait.'	Primping.
Emma Millett	Rachael	Giggling	"Shure."	"Der Wacht am Rhine."	Going to C. E. socials.
Alfred Martel	Dutch	Athletic	"Who, me?"	"Alt Heidleburg."	Preparing for school.
Marguerite Moore	Marj	Unobtrusive	"I don't think you're a bit nice."	"Alone and Lonely"	Taking buggy rides.
Graden Poppleton	Jocko	Flirting	"Swede did it."	"I want someone to flirt with me."	Wearing silk socks.
Alice Pearson	Al	Silent	"Now don't."	"No wedding bells for me."	Avoiding the boys.
Gladys Rogers	Kitty	Dignified	"Oh, you."	"All I ask is love."	Studying for the stage.
Irene Setzer	Reno	Talkative	**"Oh, Bingo!"**	"In the garden of my heart."	Motoring.
Ada Wyman	Little One	Industrious	'Don't get rambunctious.'	"Die Lorelie."	Meditating.

Just think! It is June 28, 1920. It seems but yesterday that we graduated from M. V. H. S. I wonder what those eighteen seniors are doing now. As I thought of the dear old school days and the pleasant times we used to have, my curiosity got the best of me, and I determined to find out where my former classmates were.

Fifteen minutes later I was speeding away in my aeroplane. In spite of heavy winds and mists, my journey was safely over, and at the end of six days I arrived at Delphi.

Having been admitted to the weird abode of Apollo, I lost no time in obtaining his consent to have Pythia, his medium, reveal to me the whereabouts and occupations of the 1913 class.

Pythia requested me to follow her for a short time to San Francisco.

Soon after our arrival there, we found Edna Freeman at the head of a large seminary for girls, with Ada Wyman as teacher of mathematics. We remained for a couple of hours with them chatting over old times and enjoying an abundance of Ada's home made candy, which she had always been skillful in making. The effects of the candy, however, were not so pleasant for I was suddenly seized with a most dreadful toothache.

Upon inquiring where I could find a dentist, Edna directed me to an office across the street. You can't imagine how surprised I was when we stepped into the waiting room and were greeted by Marguerite. Under the skillful direction of Dr. Berry she soon relieved my toothache, and I was in good spirits again.

As Marguerite was very busy we did not tarry long in her office, but proceeded on down the street. We had not gone a block, however, until we observed a throng gathered around a soap box, upon which Mary Logue was electioneering for Reginald, who was candidate for mayor of San Francisco. Mary's services were in great demand for she was the best stump speaker in San Francisco. We paused to listen to her for I was curious to know just what Reginald's platform was. In the course of Mary's speech we soon found out that Reginald stood for a three cent car fare, and municipal ownership of street car lines, but I could not understand all she said for the peanut vender was continually calling out "fresh roasted peanuts!" "Fresh roasted peanuts." I was dumbfounded when I turned around and recognized the vender to be Clarence Kensler. I never knew that Clarence did have such a big voice. Time works wonders, and it surely did in this case.

Pythia reminded me that we must hurry on, so leaving Mary and her enthusiastic listeners, we passed on down Market street. Soon

we arrived at a large book store, and were looking over the latest books when I came across a book entitled, "How to Study English," written by Henrietta Dyer. It was not surprising that Henrietta would write such a book, for she always did like English. No doubt her book will be of great value to all English teachers.

We continued our journey and were soon amidst a crowd just passing into an opera house. On the bill board was the picture of Gladys Rogers, who was leading lady in Ernest Louck's theatrical company. Earnest was making his annual tour of the United States and expected to remain in San Francisco a week.

As we had but a short time left to spend in the city, we did not attend the play, but hurried on our way.

We soon came to a millinery store and stepped in to look at the newest creations in hats. How astonished I was when Pythia introduced me to my former classmate Esther, who was one of the leading milliners in San Francisco. Who do you think her bookkeeper was? Why, it was Alice Pearson. Alice had long since stopped her frivolity and flirting and had settled down to business in Esther's store.

Resuming our walk, we were soon confronted by this sign—"Graden Poppleton, Barber." I did not learn what his favorite style of hair dressing was since pompadours were no longer in vogue.

Pythia now thought that we had seen all that was interesting in San Francisco so we decided to go to Mountain View for a short while.

No sooner had we alighted from the train and started down the street than we observed a dignified gentleman hurrying towards us. Sure enough it was Alfred, but since he had raised a mustache, he hardly looked like the school boy of seven years ago. Naturally we asked him what line of business he was engaged in and he informed us that he was teaching German in Mountain View High School.

From Alfred we learned that Irene had taught school for three years but was now contenting herself with one pupil in her home at Sunnyvale.

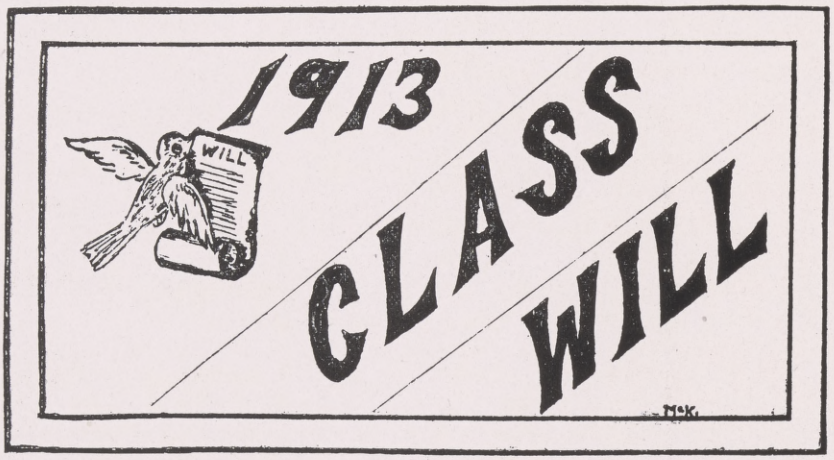
Alfred invited us to attend a recital which was to be given that evening by Ethel Emerson's pupils in oratory and debating. You need not be told that Ethel's pupils displayed good and careful training, for you all remember what a fine orator she was in her school days. We remained for a few minutes after the entertainment to talk with Ethel over old friends and former happy days. How surprised I was when she told us that Alice Eastwood was taking care of infants in an orphanage near Alviso. I had almost forgotten that Alice was especially adapted to taking care of children.

Our visit to Mountain View High School was interesting as well as surprising, for it was there that we found Emma as instructor in Domestic Science.

Emma's fame as a good cook was known throughout the country, and the luncheons served by her cooking classes were well patronized.

As it was growing late and Pythia had other seekers after the truth awaiting her; she hurried back to Delphi. I returned home feeling agreeably surprised at the revelations of the class of 1913.

NAOMI BOOHER, '13.



ADA WYMAN, '13.

We, the Class of 1913, of the Mountain View High School, about to depart this High School life, do hereby notify all whom it may concern, that we have assembled in secret conclave, and considered in all seriousness the disposal of certain valued property, both real and imaginary, which we, as a class, have acquired during our High School course, and that after weighty consideration and due deliberation, the entire class has expressed its will in the form of this document, which we solemnly declare to be our last Will and Voluntary Testament.

To the people of Mountain View and vicinity, and to the Board of Trustees, and to all others who have helped to build up our High School, we express our sincere thanks and appreciation.

To the faculty we give, devise, and bequeath, our "Laughability," which, we think, should be very useful to them in their strenuous life.

To Mr. Zahn, we bequeath an inspiring German poem composed by Emma Millett and Naomi Booher.

To Miss Peckham, we bequeath a dictionary of her favorite jokes and "witty" sayings, for ready reference. The appendix contains some new ones composed by the Seniors as a parting gift.

To Miss Ward, we return all the compliments she has given us as a class.

To Mr. Lindsay, we bequeath all the energy which we have spent in scientific investigation in the laboratories. We suggest that he use it for the equipment of a perpetual motion machine.

To Mrs. Lessemann, we give, devise and bequeath, a stout switch to use on "naughty pupils."

To Mr. Fisher, we bequeath our amiable disposition, to supplement his own.

To our faithful followers, the Under Classmen, we bequeath our Senior attributes and characteristics, to be apportioned as follows:

To the Juniors, our Dignity.

To the Sophomores, our Wisdom.

To the Freshmen, our Studiousness.

To all the classes, equally, the Total amount of good advice that we have received in High School.

We leave to Mr. Davidson, our good-natured Janitor, the care of the Senior Palm, planted by us in the High School yard.

The various members of the class bequeath individual property as follows:

Alice Eastwood gives, devises and bequeaths to Miss Peckham, her injured dignity.

Earnest Loucks bequeaths his winning smile to Miss Ward, to be used in the fight for Woman Suffrage, of which she is a well-known advocate.

Edna Freeman has consented to leave her dimples to Porter Kimball, the Freshman flag pole, alias "The Kentucky Wonder."

Reginald Harcourt wills to Miss Peckham, his many play-things, such as alarm clocks, electric buzzers, and similar harmless toys, most of which happen to be in the possession of said legatee already.

Marguerite Moore bequeaths to the Junior girls her monopoly on the looking glass in the ante-room.

Irene Setzer turns over the Girls' Tennis Championship of the school to the girl who proves most worthy of being her successor.

Clarence Kensler bequeaths his expressions of lofty wisdom to Lloyd Johnson.

Mary Logue leaves her kind and gentle ways to Mr. Zahn, in the hope that they will make him more lenient with the Freshmen.

Alfred Martel wills his favorite hobby of attending school regularly to some over-studious Junior who needs a rest.

Ethel Emerson bequeaths to the school, all her information on "The Tariff."

Henrietta Dyer bequeaths to Prescott Peacock, all of the "Poultry" that she memorized this year in English IV.

Graden Poppleton wills to the Sophomores his brilliant idea of planting prune trees on Mars. He suggests that they bid for the trade of passing aeroplanists.

Alice Pearson bequeaths all her German books to the school library, as she has no further use for them.

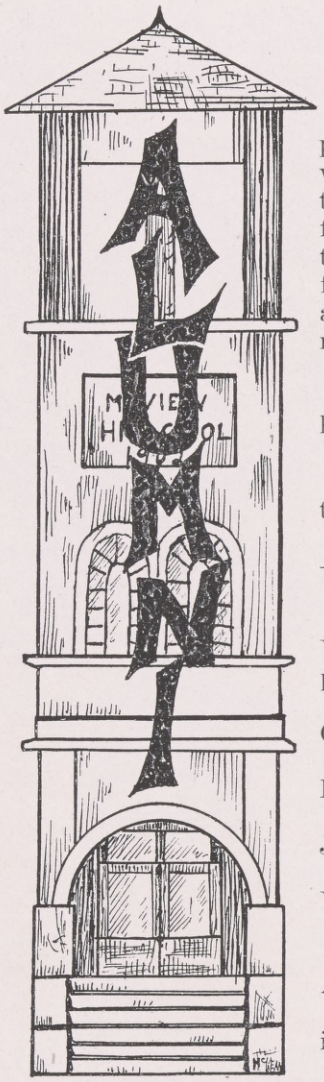
Esther Booher gives and bequeathes to Mae Pritchett, her only Psyche knot.

Gladys Rogers bestows her dramatic talent upon Walter Mackey, certain that his future performances will do credit to the bequest.

Ada Wyman requests that all her unfinished drawings in the art room, be saved as fuel for the next Hallowe'en bonfire.

THE CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTEEN.

GRADEN POPPLETON	ALICE EASTWOOD
ALICE PEARSON	IRENE SETZER
ADA WYMAN	EMMA MILLETT
GLADYS ROGERS	ETHEL EMERSON
EDNA FREEMAN	MARY LOGUE
NAOMI BOOHER	HENRIETTA DYER
ESTHER BOOHER	ALFRED MARTEL
REGINALD HARCOURT	MARGUERITE MOORE
CLARENCE KENSLER	ERNEST LOUCKS



The Mountain View High School is proud of her Alumni. Judging from the work they are doing, and the useful lives they are leading, they are a great benefit to society and also help to keep up the high standard of our school. In the following notes we will endeavor to give as accurately as possible, information in regard to the whereabouts of the Alumni.

'04

EDWARD GREEN—Teaching at Alhambra, in Southern California.

'05

ALICE WHITTEMORE—Teaching in the Mountain View Grammar School.

EDNA HIGGINS (Mrs. S. V. Addato)—Living in San Jose.

'06

JOHN BUBB—In Natoma, California. Working for the Yuba Construction Company.

ROSA STURLA—Teaching at Colma, California.

RUBY TRUBSCHENCK (Mrs. R. K. BARRY)—Living in Sunnyvale.

LOUIS WAGNER—A Pharmacist at Johnson's Drug Store, Mountain View.

WILLARD AYER—With the Great Western Power Co., at Oakland.

'07

CHARLES ATKINS—Teaching in Alameda County.

MAE CUSHING (Mrs. Totman)—Living in Ria Vista, California.

'08

CLAUDE SHULL—Teaching in Walla Walla College, Wash.

WILLIAM GOODWIN—Was to graduate from Stanford in Civil Engineering, May 19, 1913, and is now working at his profession at Suisun.

ALICE HILL (Mrs. C. E. Newnan)—Has been living at Mountain View but will move to Modesto soon.

ALICE CHAPMAN (Mrs. Olin Tait)—Living in Mountain View.

MAX ISH—Is with the Palo Alto Hardware Company, Palo Alto.

WILLIAM GARLIEPP—Employed at the Union Oil Company, Sacramento, California.

HENRIETTA BAR—Bookkeeping in San Mateo.

ADELINE CHAPMAN—Teaching in Walla Walla College, Washington.

BARBARA KNOX—Receives her degree of music from the Conservatory of Music in Baltimore, Maryland. Still living in Washington, D. C.

ROSA BAKER—Teaching in Pescadero Grammar School.

MARY EASTWOOD—Teaching in the Mountain View Grammar School.

JENNIE CUSHING—Specializing in Domestic Science at the San Jose Normal.

AGNES URBAN—Teaching in Hilt, Siskiyou County.

MIRIAM BURTON—Studying music at the College of Pacific.

YSABEL MORTON (Mrs. Louis Dickson)—Residing in San Francisco.

ROY FRICK—Working in Mountain View.

NELLIE GARLIEPP—Employed in District Attorney, A. M. Free's Office, San Jose.

ALBERT DICKSON—Atending Loma Linda Medical College in Southern California.

JOHN SINZ—Employed by the United States Steel Product Co., San Francisco.

'10

ELECTRA BURKETT (Mrs. Edward Beall)—Living in Palo Alto.

IRENE WEBBER—Teaching school at Rosedale, near Bakersfield.

PEARL TRUE—Teaching in the Mountain View Grammar School.

NATALIE MACRUM—Just finished her third year at Stanford.

HELEN EVANS (Mrs. Carl Beal)—Living at Coalinga.

ETHEL PHELPS—Teaching at Northbrae, Mendocino County.

CATHERINE DAY (Mrs. C. Hustler)—Living in Sunnyvale.

FRANK HERBERT—Has just finished his third year at University of California.

DAN AMES—Working in Power House at Avila, California.

ROSCOE DUERNBERGER—Just finished his Sophomore year at Stanford.

HELEN DRAKE—Living in Mountain View.

EVA NEWNAN—Attending Stanford.

EWART BRIGHTMAN—Working in Portland, Oregon.

FANNY DISTEL—Living in Mountain View.

'11

LESLIE MORTON—Working at home.

ELIZABETH HARCOURT—Fnished her second year at San Jose Normal.

RAYMOND FRAZER—Working near Los Angeles.

JOSEPH PASAOL—Was attending Stanford but is now taking care of Prof. Gwartney's ranch near Mountain View.

JOYCE COLVIN—Attending San Jose Normal.

RUDOLPH SWALL—Employed with Dudfield Lumber Co., at Palo Alto.

BERNARD MASON—Finished his second year at the University of California.

DELMA PHELPS—Her last year at San Jose Normal.

OTTILIE HOERNIG—Finished second year at Stanford University.

LURO RANKIN—Living in Payson, Ill. Studying music at Quincy.

FRANCES HUNTINGTON—Attending Stanford.

CARRIE CENTER—Living in Mountain View.

JOSEPH URBAN—Finished his first year at Stanford. Joe also made the Varsity Football Team this last year.

EDITH HOUSMAN—Living in Mountain View.

MARTHA JOB—Finished her Sophomore year at Stanford.

BESSIE GUARTNEY—Finished her last year at San Jose Normal.

FRANK O'CONNELL—Finished his second year at Stanford.

'12

ANNETTE STUART—Attending San Jose Normal.

CHARLES MOORE—Employed at Moore's Furniture Store, Mountain View.

VINA GOODWIN—Finished first year at San Jose Normal.

LORNA DONALDSON—Attending Stanford and living in Palo Alto.

WAUNETA WATTS—Training in the Peninsula Hospital Palo Alto.

PHOEBE COOK—Attending San Jose Normal.

KENNETH SLATER—Finished first year at San Jose Normal.

DOROTHY NORRIS—Living in Oakland and attending Heald's Business College in San Francisco.

RILDA SKINNER—Attending San Jose Normal.

ALICE ROBERTS—Living in Mountain View.

JOSEPHINE KELSEY—Finished first year at San Jose Normal.

ALICE BARNES—Working in a telephone office, at San Francisco.

CLARA HAGERTYAttending San Jose Normal.

LE ROY MORTON—Working at Home in Mountain View.

GOLDIE KENSLER—Attending San Jose Normal.

EDITH HAGERTY—Training at the St. Francis Hospital in San Francisco; but home for a rest at present.

ARLIE CORBET—Studying to be a teacher at San Jose Normal.

BLANCHE BUTLER—Working in Fresno.

HENRIETTA DRAKE—Living in Mountain View.

RAYMOND MOSHER—Attending San Jose Normal School.

MINNIE ROWLES—Doing Dressmaking at Mountain View.

LOUISE HOBART—Living near Mountain View.

RUTH BOOHER—Taking a Post Graduate Course at M. V. H. S.

Exchanges

MARY LOGUE, 13.

With the Commencement Number of the "Blue and Gray" we will again have the pleasure of reviewing our exchanges and submitting them with the full realization of the cares that go hand in hand with the position of exchange editor.

We gladly welcome this opportunity to extend our thanks to the different schools for their prompt attention in sending exchanges and we sincerely hope that they will derive as much benefit from our paper as we have derived from theirs.

It was with no little pleasure that we perused the pages of the May number of "The Redwood" from Santa Clara University. Since we are not in a position to criticise a University Journal, we may at least express our admiration and appreciation of such an excellent paper.

It was the editor's delight to have witnessed the production of Martin W. Merle's masterpiece—The Mission Play of Santa Clara—a description of which is given in the first part of the book.

The poem "Mission Bells" was written by no other hand than that of a literary artist, "Just Luck" by Rodney Yoell is a clever, fascinating story. Altho' the form is rather trite. "The Deserted Way" is an exceptionally charming story.

It will be with keen delight and pleasure that we will receive the next number of "The Redwood."

Kuay, Seattle—We have received four of your numbers. All of which are excellent. Throughout we found your paper teeming with enthusiasm and school spirit. The Junior number especially is deserving of special mention. "The Tale" is a well written story and impresses one from the beginning with its clear and entertaining style.

Juniors, we congratulate you on your successful issue and we will look forward with pleasure to the next number of the "Kuay."

Sequoya, Redwood—We were very much interested in the Commencement Number of "The Sequoya." While it is up to its usual high standard there are some features to which we take exception. The arrangement of your paper is its weak place. The verse and lighter compositions are placed so as to give them a crowded ap-

pearance, and too much space has been given to the Class Will, Prophesy and History. Where is your Exchange Department?

On the whole the character of the book is good and this plus material saves the paper from falling into mediocrity.

"Oak Leaves" from Morgan Hill is again with us,, presenting a very neat and compact appearance. The stories contained in this number are good and the material shows careful preparation. The lack of verse, however, is very noticeable. With this defect improved your book will make a most creditable showing.

Madrono, Palo Alto—Madrono, our exchange column presents only one number of October from your school. We can barely give a fair criticism on one paper, when your school issues a monthly magazine. Your cover design is well drawn, but it is worked up in dull colors, which gives it a very sombre appearance. "A Life for a Life," is a well written story and gives a certain inspiration that is not often found in a High School magazine. Another absence of verse coupled with a poorly edited Exchange Department detracts from an otherwise excellent paper.

The Echo, Lincoln—Shows a decided improvement in its June issue. The Literary section and the Editorials are splendid. A wealth of clever stories and essays are present in this issue which tends to make the lack of verse less noticeable. Your exchange department is poorly edited, your exchanges being merely notices of acknowledgment. The general makeup of the paper is good and we can say that on the whole, we enjoyed the June issue of the Echo immensely.

Janus, Hanford—It was with much pleasure that we received the pages of our new visitor the Janus. It is complete with entertaining articles in verse and prose. The leading story, "The Fall of a Hero" is a cleverly written story, portraying a good knowledge of the subject and told in a sympathetic manner.

The literary taste and spirit of your school has so ably filled the various departments of your paper that it excels all others that we have received this year.

"Manzanita Bark" from Palo Alto is again before us and we regret that it does not make its appearance oftener. Your number is well balanced and while your stories are short, they are well developed. Your cuts are particularly commendable, the May issue being replete with cleverly drawn cartoons. Your jokes are good but a trifle personal. Your departments show a good deal of scholastic activity.

"The Oak," Visalia—The department of literature is the book's leading number. The Oak manifests clever editing. The departments show much activity and school spirit. We enjoyed reading "The Headlines," your leading article.

"The Mexclah," Lanfield.—Your June number comes up to our expectations. If your school is void of spirit your paper does not show it. It is replete throughout with interesting stories and some very humorous verse. As a suggestion, instead of having so many short stories, have a few longer ones with more plot and action. This will improve your book wonderfully.

San Jose Herald—This is a spicy little weekly sheet full of school interest and spirit. It speaks well for the activity of the editorial staff.

STAFF

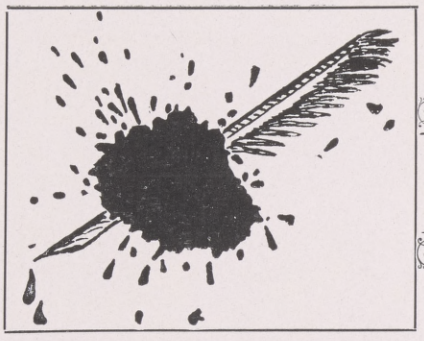
ALFRED MARTEL,
REGINALD HARCOURT

EDNA FREEMAN,
DONALD McKEAN

ETHEL EMERSON,
MARY LOGUE

IRENE SETZER,
GLADYS ROGERS

CARLETON ROUSE
ERNEST LOUCKS



EDITORIALS

BLUE AND GRAY STAFF

ALFRED MARTEL, JR. ..... Editor
EDNA FREEMAN ..... First Assistant Editor
ETHEL EMERSON ..... Second Assistant Editor
IRENE SETZER ..... School Notes and Organizations
MARY LOGUE ..... Exchanges
GLADYS ROGERS ..... Alumni
REGINALD HARCOURT ..... Athletics
ERNEST LOUCKS ..... Joshes
CARLTON ROUSE ..... Business Manager
DONALD McKEAN ..... Artist

I doubt very much whether or not an editorial has ever been written about the athletic facilities of this school, but I do know that they have often been mentioned in other columns. Therefore it is necessary to give the subject its rating in the proper column.

To begin with—This school has the poorest athletic facilities of any High School of equal standing. This statement will perhaps astound some of you who read it, but it is true.

There is a certain class of taxpayers in this community who begrudge the money they must give up to keep our High School from toppling. They are of the old school, however; of a former standard type which has lost the admiration of the youths of the 20th century, who are clamoring for broader sports of all kinds, while they, at the same time, are receiving, and not neglecting knowledge.

It is true that knowledge and too many athletics do not harmonize. Mind you, too many athletics. It is untrue to say that knowledge and athletics do not harmonize. However, this latter assertion can not be possible for it is impossible to give any ground on which to base it. A precedent and now a rule, in all High Schools, is that a student cannot take part in any form of athletics if he is below a fixed standard in his studies. This is enough to quiet all who advocate this absurd idea.

This district can easily afford better grounds. We admit that new grounds were bought, but their worth is absolutely valueless if they are to be used for a track, baseball or football grounds. The reason for this, is, that the ground is gravelly, even below the surface for a number of feet. All attempts to reach a decent surface are discouraged by the presence of these small boulders. Undoubtedly a mistake was made in this purchase, but the mistake can be easily

covered if the proper authorities take action and do something to these grounds or buy new ones. These old grounds can be fixed in a satisfactory manner. The only way is this. Now earth will have to be hauled on them. When you consider this plan, you will find that it will pay to buy new grounds. Land is high around here and will be higher the longer you wait. Don't wait, buy now and you will satisfy many a heart.

If you want your son to become a man of knowledge, and at the same time, one of health, help him clamor for better athletic facilities and you will have an ideal twentieth century human being.

We wish to thank all who have helped the "Blue and Gray" Staff to put out a good paper. We wish to especially thank those students who so kindly helped out with the typewriting. The editor takes this means of expressing his appreciation.

We congratulate our advertisers on the business which they are going to receive from advertising in our paper.

* * * * * *

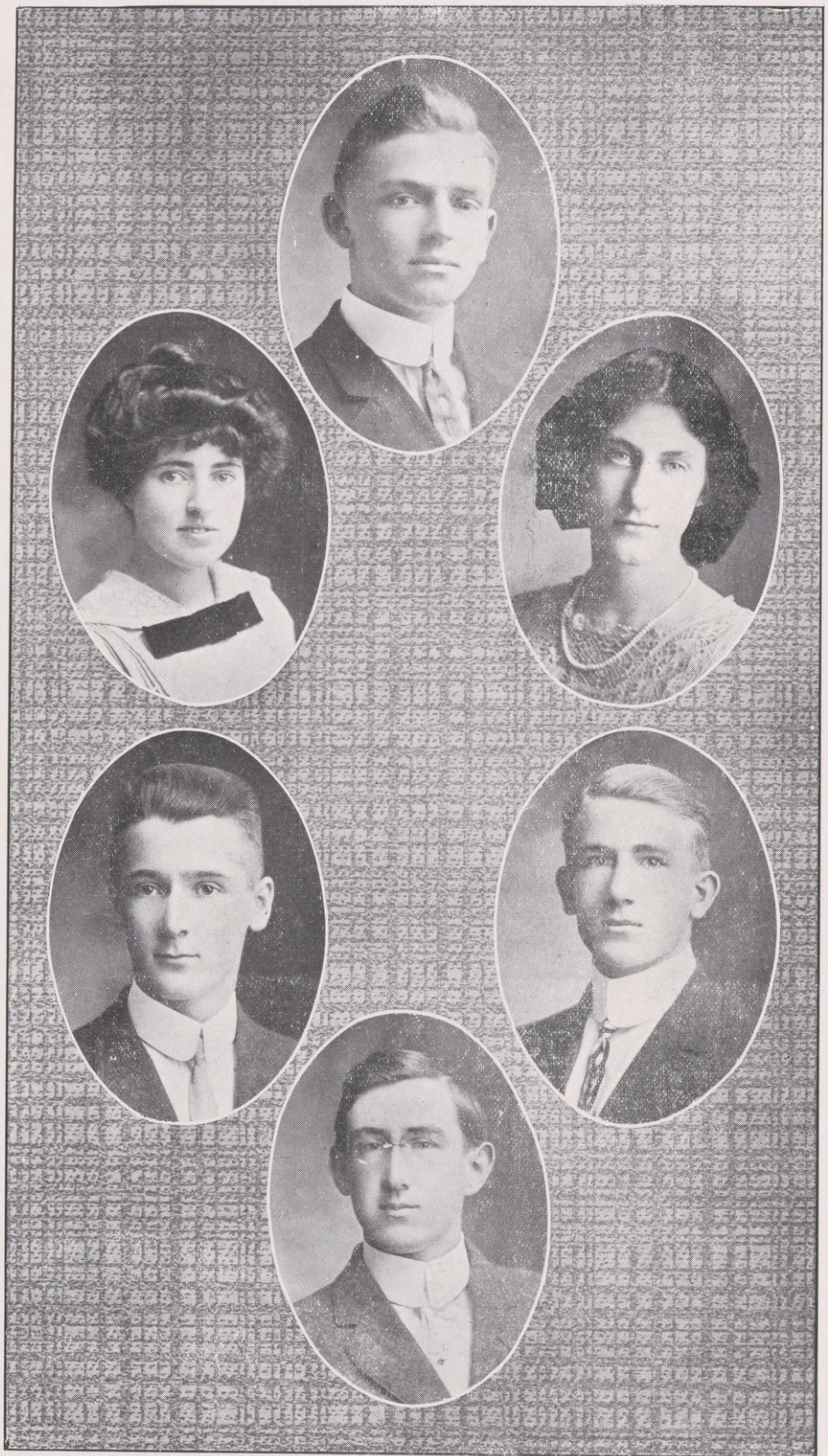
We are compelled to answer an article printed in an issue of the local Register-Leader, although such an article ought to be ignored, for we do not wish the people of this district to be misinformed.

The following is quoted from the Register-Leader:

"Here in Mountain View our local high school has caught the dead-head spirit. The Register-Leader has been asked and expected to boost all the activities of the schools for the last twenty-six years, and has done it free of cost. Now, when the student body gives an entertainment to help raise money to pay for the annual high school book, (the business men are held up and shook down for all they will stand for advertising in the book), the Register-Leader is expected to advertise the entertainment and boost it to beat the band free of cost—and the book is being printed in San Francisco. This, too, in face of the fact that the bid of the Register-Leader was fully twenty per cent lower than the San Francisco bids, and the Register-Leader is fully equipped to do the work as well as it can—and better than it will—be done in San Francisco."

The writer of the article was undoubtedly misinformed, for, as a matter of fact, the most important statement in the aricle, that about the Register's bid being twenty per cent. lower than the San Francisco bid, is wholly untrue. The truth is that the Register-Leader's bid was twenty per cent. higher than the San Francisco bid. This is a point which we failed to quite understand, why a country newspaper should demand such an unreasonably higher sum than a San Francisco press.

We did not doubt the ability and efficiency of the local office, but, to be absolutely certain of the issue of a first-class "Blue and Gray," we gave the job to another printer who is not a **stranger** or a **non-resident** of this town of Mountain View. In fact, he owns a lot and house, buys all his necessities here and, moreover, his son attends this high school and is a member of its student body. We hope that the business men who refused to take an add in the "Blue and Gray" on this account will appreciate the real truth of the situation.



STUDENT BODY

ERNEST LOUCKS, Pres.
ERNEST RANKIN, Sargeant-at-arms

MARY LOGUE, Secy.
HAROLD WRIGHT, 1st Vice Pres.

FRANCIS EDMINSON, 2nd Vice Pres.
JAMES DERMODY, Treas.

ORGANIZATIONS

STUDENT BODY

IRENE SETZER, '13.

The Student Body is our most important organization. All the members of the school are members of this organization; but only those who pay their regular dues of fifty cents a semester are allowed to vote or take part at its regular meetings.

The purpose of our Student Body is to give heltp to all athletics of the school; to carry on various social functions given by the school and above all to bring the students into a closer contact with one another.

The officers for the last semester were: President, Ernest Loucks; Vice President, Harold Wright; 2nd Vice President, Frances Edminson; Secretary, Mary Logue; Treasurer, James Dermody; Sergeant-at-arms, Ernest Rankin.

This year we have two musical organizations, namely: The Chorus and Glee Club. Both have done very profitable work under the direction of Mr. Jeffers of Palo Alto. Due to his earnest efforts "The Glee Club" was able to give a very entertaining cantata "Bobby Shaftoe" which was largely attended and greatly appreciated by the audience.

The officers for the last semester were: President. Harold Wright; Vice President, Marguerite Moore; Scretary, Emma Millett; Treasurer Graden Poppleton; Librarian, Eldora Freeman.

We are all very proud of our debating Club which was successfully started under the leadership of Mrs. Lessmann. Members have done very successful work.

Their first debate was held April 19th with San Jose. Ethel Emerson and Edith Linck argued for the negative in San Jose; Lloyd Johnson and Jack North affirmatives remained at home. Although neither team was victorious, San Jose had to work for her winning points.

The Parliamentary Law Club has been very helpful to all who have joined. A thorough study has been made of all laws. The knowledge gained being put into practice at the meetings.

This year we have three Societies organized for all those who were not members of the other two clubs. They are the Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Fresmen Literary Societies. These societies presented varied programs of readings, stories, current events and music.

SCHOOL NOTES

Just two weeks after the first sounds of voices had floated through the halls, the three upper classes had once again gathered

to give the "Freshmen" a hearty welcome into our midst. After a short program the rest of the evening was spent in playing games; the Fresment being initiated by several "stunts" which they were called upon to do. At a late hour ice cream and cake was served.

Anyone passing the school house on the evening of October 31, would have thought the "spirits" were having a reunion, for a large number of students had gathered together to celebrate Hallowe'en. The boys had built an immense bonfire which illuminated the whole yard when lighted. After the fire had died down, the ghosts journeyed into the Assembly Hall, where a few of them held a court before which a number of students were tried. This proved to be very entertaining to all. The rest of the evening was spent in playing different games, after which refreshments appropriate to the occasion were served.

On January 31st, the Juniors gave a delicious banquet at Mockbee's Hall in honor of the Seniors. The tables were beautifully decorated with violets and smilax. Each one present, found his place at the table indicated by a dainty hand painted card decorated with violets, which helped to carry out the color scheme.

After several toasts, the tables were removed and the rest of the evening was spent in dancing; twelve o'clock came only too quickly.

On March 31st, the Student Body gave a candy sale and an entertainment at Swall's Hall. The entertainment was enjoyed by all although the candy seemed to be enjoyed better for its was readily disposed of. Dancing followed the program.

On the afternoon of May 16th, the Seniors gathered together for the purpose of planting their palm tree. Appropriate songs were sung and class yells were given. The girls then prepared a picnic luncheon which was served under the oak trees. The afternoon was thoroughly enjoyed by all the class.

On May 27th, the Glee Club presented the cantata "Bobby Shaftoe". The cast was as follows:

Bobby Shaftoe—Jack North.

Earl of Mucklemuchkin—Frank Pritchett.

Dowager Countess of Micklemuchkin—Ethel Emerson.

Jeems—Walter Mackey.

Betty Lobsterpot—Marguerite Moore.

Solomon Lobsterpot—Victor Davis.

CHORUS

Elsie Baker	Esther Frazer
Edith Rouse	Fanny Razek
Helen Horton	Beulah Job
May Pritchett	Florence Huston
Alice Toft	Eldora Freeman
Florence Regli	Harriet Minton

As the paper goes to the press too early to give an account of the Senior Play, it can only be mentioned.

The play, "The Butterflies", is an exceptionally clever play,

and from all indications will be given with great success during the first part of June. A synopsis of the scenes is:

Act. I. Drawing room in Green's Cottage, St. Augustine, Fla.

PRESENT TIME

Act II. Same as Act I. That evening.

Act III. Green's side garden, Lenox Mass. Seven Months Later.

The cast is as follows:

Frederick Ossian—Alfred Martel.

A young man who starts at the bottom and makes good after being a leading figure in society and not knowing what work is.

Andrew Strong—Graden Poppleton.

A rich young Englishman who is in America for a pleasure trip A great friend of Frederick's.

Mr. Green—Donald McKean.

A retired capitailst. A common but good hearted self made man.

Barrington Green—Ernest Loucks.

A spoiled son.

Bilser—Harold Wright.

A New York tailor of no mean ability.

Coddle—James Logue.

Green's butler. He is very fashionable and English.

Miriam Stuart-Dodge—Edna Freeman.

A pretty, young society girl who is engaged to Barrington by her mother.

Suzannne Green—Gladys Rogers.

A charming young American girl full of fun and spirit.

Mrs. Ossian—Irene Setzer.

Green's housekeeper. A very retiring person and also very modest and meek.

Mrs. Stuart-Dodge—Mary Logue.

A very important personage who is trying to marry her daughter to money in order to pay her bills.

The Seniors are looking forward to the annual picnic given to them by the three lower classes at Congress Springs. The school festivities will be brought to a close by Class Night and Commencement.

The spirit shown this year in athletics as a whole, was not what it should have been. Undoubtedly the real cause of this was the lack of proper facilities. It is a well known fact that without a coach and proper grounds, on which to train, there is little chance of any school producing any sort of a team.

Such have been the conditions of this school ever since it took up athletics; no grounds, no coach. However, though the boys have been considerably handicapped by these prevailing conditions, they have done their best and deserve great credit for the showing they have made. And here's hoping that the coming teams may be fortunate enough to secure something better than a field full of clods on which to play football, and a diamond that is covered with rocks

FOOTBALL

The school was unable to make much of a showing in football this year, owing to lack of material; most of the boys being too light for this game. A team was organized, however, but only a few practice games were played.

CROSS-COUNTRY

One team the school can feel justly proud of is that of our cross-country runners. More interest has been shown this year in this event, than any year previous. The San Jose Morning Times conducted the first run of this year. As this race was not limited to high school students, seven of the high school boys and a former student, Le Roy Morton, a graduate of last year, entered, representing Mountain View. Morton led all competitors from the start and covered the seven miles in the remarkable time of 39 minutes and 47

seconds. Loucks finished second in 44 minutes and 26 seconds, Dermody, fourth in 45 minutes and 58 seconds. Dunn sixth in 48 minutes and 50 seconds. The time of the other Mountain View runners, Murphy, Davis, Williamson and Kleckner, was not taken, but they closely followed their teammates. Our boys carried off nearly all the honors, taking the cup and two medals. On their return from the run, the team very graciously presented the cup to the high school, for which they received the hearty thanks of the student body. Thanks were also given to Le Roy Morton for the services he rendered in preparing the team for this run.

In the A. A. L. cross-country run our team was not successful in retaining the cup they had won last year. They lost to the California School of Mechanical Arts by nine points. Captain Loucks ran a good race and finished a close third. The rest of the team finished as follows: Dermody 8th, Goodwin 12th, Davis 17th, and Gibbs 21st.

The team entred the Berkeley Interscholastic cross-country run, and succeeded in taking second place. Loucks again finished third. His teammates placed as follows: Goodwin 10th, Dermody 16th, Davis 18th, and Newnan 30th.

The school will lose the services of its best distance runner this year as Loucks is a member of the 1913 class.

Front Row, left to right—Chas. Noonan, Jas. Dermody
Back Row—Ernest Loucks, Walter Goodwin, Victor Davis

BASKET-BALL

The outlook for basket-ball this year was not very bright as the school had lost four of its best players, members of the senior class of last year. This left only two veterans for this year's team. This did not discourage our girls, however, for with the earnest and untiring efforts of the captain, Fanny Razek and manager Eldora Freeman, a team was organized from new material which again won the I. A. U. championship, and lost the A. A. L. by only one game.

A schedule was made out for the I. A. U. games, but both Los Gatos and Morgan Hill, after postponing the games several times, finally forfeited them to our team.

In the A. A. L. Los Gatos again forfeited her game to us.

The first game with San Mateo proved to be a fast and interesting one in which some good playing was done by both teams. It ended with a victory for our team by a score of 13 to 15.

The next game with Palo Alto proved another victory for us. Although Palo Alto tried hard, they were downed. The score of 53 to 16 was in our favor.

Then came our first defeat, at San Jose. The game was intensely exciting, with a close score at the end of the first half. In the second half the San Jose team came back stronger than our's and won by a score of 39 to 17.

The team then went to Redwood City. There they showed their old-style form, by doing some excellent playing and out-classed their opponents entirely, winning easily by a score of 50 to 9.

Left to right—Alice Toft, Alva Cooper, Marie Garliepp, Fanny Razek, Alice Hagerty, Eldora Freeman

In the next game with San Mateo, both the team work and the individ ual playing of our girls showed much improvement over that of the first game of the season. The game was fast and interesting, the score of 10 to 35 being in our favor.

A practice game was played with Stanford University. Although our girls were much smaller than the University girls, our team showed their splendid team work and knowledge of the game by holding their opponents to a close score of 22 to 24 in favor of Stanford.

The following is the schedule including practice games: Mountain View 15 vs. San Mateo, 13; Mountain View, 53, vs. Palo Alto, 16; Mountain View 17, vs. San Jose, 39; Mountain View, 50, vs. Redwood City, 9; Mountain View, 30, vs. '12 Champions, 9; Mountain View, 35, vs. San Mateo, 10; Mountain View, 22, vs. Stanford University, 24.

TENNIS

A great deal of enthusiasm was shown this year in tennis. There is only one court, however, and as this was occupied at all spare time during the day, our team was not able to practice very often. An interclass tournament was held, resulting in Graden Poppleton winning the singles for the Seniors, and Walter Dawes and Clinton Parker winning the doubles for the Sophomores. The trustees have promised the school two new courts, so next year should develop some experts.

BASEBALL

As stated before our diamond is not fit to play ball on, but the boys turned out for a few practice games. The team was weakened considerably this year by the absence of two good players. Slater, our main stay behind the bat, graduated with the Class of 1912, and Swall, our phenomenal twirler, did not return to school this year. There is some promising material in the Freshman Class and as the team will lose the service of only one player, who graduates this year, the school should produce a winning team next season.

TRACK

As usual track has been our strongest event in athletics. Although handicapped by the absence of a cinder path, or even a dirt track, the boys have trained as best they could under the prevailing conditions, and deserve great credit for the showing they have made.

Four men entered the A. A. L. sub-league. As this league is composed of schools much larger than Mountain View, we did not expect to gain many points, but managed to secure fourth in the low hurdles; fourth in the quarter-mile; third in the broad jump, fourth in the two-mile and third in the high jump.

The next was a dual meet with San Mateo High School. Our team of six men met the team of that school, which was composed of twelve men and lost by the close score of 42 to 43.

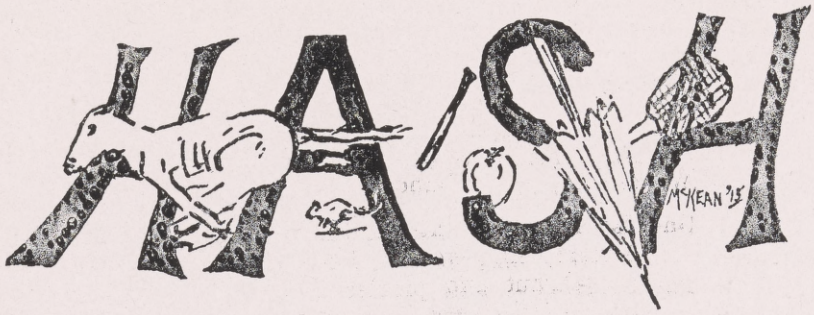
For some reason or other the pole vault was omitted, which probably cost us the meet; for our two vaulters, Martel and Loucks were both good for over nine feet. Our team scored as follows: 100-

yard dash, Martel 2nd; 220-yard dash, Dermody, 2nd; 440-yard dash, Loucks, 1st; 880-yard dash, Loucks 1st, Dermody 2nd; Mile run, Goodwin 1st; High jump, Martel 1st, Loucks 2nd; Broad jump, Martel 1st; Shot put, Rouse 1st.

On May 24th, the annual meet of the Interurban Athletic Union was held on the Santa Clara high school track. For the sixth successive time Mountain View carried off first honors. In previous years Mountain View has always won by a score of 50 points to 27 points scored by Los Gatos, our closest competitor; the meet was closer than the score would indicate. Two records were broken, one by Martel of Mountain View, when he jumped five feet eight and one-half inches in the high jump; and the other by Kennedy of Campbell, when he cleared the bar at nine feet nine and one-half inches in the pole vault. The final score read Mountain View 50; Los Gatos 27; Morgan Hill 20; and Campbell 13. Our team placed in the following events: 50-yard dash, Martel 2nd; 100-yard dash, Dermody 2nd, Martel 3rd; 220-yard dash, Dermody 1st, Loucks 3rd; 440-yard dash, Loucks 1st; 880-yard dash, Goodwin 3rd; High jump, Martel 1st, 5ft. 8 1-2 in. Record; Pole vault, Loucks and North tied for 3rd; shot-put, Martel 2nd; Discus, Loucks 1st, Rouse 3rd; Broad jump, Martel 1st, Dermody 3rd; Relay, won by Mountain View.

Martel was the star of the meet, scoring 17 points. The school will feel the loss of Martel and also Loucks next year, as both these boys are members of the 1913 class.

Back Row, left to right—Carelton Rouse, Ernest Rankin, Jack North, Alfred Martel, Walter Goodwin
Front Row—Jas. Dermody, Ernest Loucks, Harold Wright



A wood-pecker lit on a freshman's head,
And settled down to drill;
He dug away for half a day,
And then he broke his bill.—Ex.

Clerk—This book will do half your studies for you.
Soph.—Gee! I'll take two, please.

SUB-FRESHMAN POETRY

What a funny bud tor frog are;
When he sit he almost lie,
When he hop, he almost fly,
Ain't got no sense at all hardly.—Ex.

Father—"Do yon know sir, that I actually saw you embracing my daughter."

Suitor—"I beg your pardon, sir; I was so frightfully busy at the time that I failed to notice you. I hope you will forgive me."—Ex.

WHAT THE TEACHERS HEAR EVERY DAY

"Where's my place—
"I lost my book—
"Didn't have time—
"I know but I can't express it—
"Had company last night—
"Did you call on me—
"I did know once, but I've forgotten—

Earnest L.—Miss Peckham, Graden keeps punching me in the back.
Miss P.—Why don't you move your seat then?
Earnest—I can't, its all screwed down.

Teacher (to an idle Freshman)—Walter, the devil always finds work for idle hands to do. Come here and let me give you a problem.

Excited lad—Oh, momer, come quick! The baby's eating all the currants off the flypaper.—Ex.

(Dolled up Freshie)—"See Bob, I told you I'd make a hit with that girl. Watch her look at me and pose."

(Wise Junior)—"You poor boob, can't you see there is a looking glass behind you."

Naomi looking at the water hose in Markov's store—"Here, girls, is where you can get your graduation hosiery cheap."

Them Juniors are the freshest bunch,
For when a fellow wants to have a feed
They came along and cop the lunch.
But when they get us keyed,
We are a terrible bunch.

One day last week they downed our grub,
A merry time we had, I tell you Bub.
The sauerkraut and pickles flew,
All we lacked was Irish stew;
But what's the diff.,
We put one over on one big Junior Stiff.

First Student—I hear that one of the Alumni has a job beating eggs in a restaurant.
Second Student—Is that so? What is he doing that for?
First Student—He is egging out existence.

A Senior was heard to say—"After I had done came to school this mornin' she told me to write it fur today."

Sophomore (humming)—"Bobby Shaftoe's goin' to sea."
Freshman—"What's he going to see?"
Soph.—"Sh! He's going to see Miss Ward show Betty how to act the love scene.

WHAT THE PUPILS HEAR EVERY DAY

"Do you need a chaperon?"
"Better save your breath to earn your living."
"Yes, I'm still on the job."
"I'm getting sick of playing policeman."
"Look here now—
"Class; you must get this—"
"The following will please report at the office."
"Did you make out a tardy slip?"
"You Seniors needn't think your privileged."
"Having a pink tea?"
"Can I offer my services as chaperon?"
"Wave a white rag when your through"—
"A thousand pardons; I wouldn't interrupt you for worlds."
"Go right on, I wouldn't spoil a chance like that for the world."
"Does the young lady keep a dog?"
"How much time did you put on your lesson?"
"What do you come to school for anyway?"
"Single file up the stairs."
"Call it cabbage."
"Now, Mr. Dehof, how do you expect to get your Geometry, etc.."
"Well, did someone say something?"

Irene S. In Eng. IV. (Reading from Eve of St. Agnes)—"His poor guide hurried back with eggs (agues) in her brain."

SENIOR PSYCHES

Edna, dignified and haughty,
Enters with her nose upheld;
With her psyche pointing skyward,
Far above the other held.

Next comes Ethel bearing, also,
Quite serene, her psyche grand,
With her tresses parted round it,
Acting as a Grecian band.

Gladys wears hers not as others,
But upon her neck it stays,
Tightly twisted round a "soft thing,'
What it is, I'll not betray.

Esther Booher brings her young hopeful,
Just appearing 'bove her braid;
Looks at Edna's, aims to reach it,
Tries to put it in the shade.

Naomi, though her height is lessened
By her Psyche, aims to pass
Those about her, two feet higher,
Hers all others, quite surpass.

Margie meek and quiet as usual,
Came one day with psyche, too,
But the others quite surpass it,
So the work she did undo.

Emmie with her mousie, peeping
Slyly 'neath her psyche small,
Quickly grabbed it, ere it vanished,
And the "cyclone" took it all.

Many other psyches worthy
'Mong our Senior girls are found,
Some are pointed, others flattened;
All their praises I can't sound.

Need you wonder any longer
Why the Senior girls demand
Mirrors long, and many of them?
Maybe now you understand.

Those drooping lids,
What invitation!
Then he closer slips,
Though with hesitation.
There's a feeble struggle,
Such indignation.
The clock strikes,
What consternation!
And daddy enters,
Wow! such vexation.

Cheer up fellows for,
We should worry like
Glenmore and get things (Wright).
We should worry like Gladys
And have a (Mint-on).
We should worry like Marguerite
And become a (Miller).
We should worry like Henrietta
And have the (Cash-el).
We should worry like Elton J.
And go with a Baker.

We should worry like Iva
And be a Goodwin.
Have you heard of that tall boy called "Swede",
A shark at cross-country, indeed.
Each race he would run
He'd say " 'Twas for fun;
'Cause he never could come in the lead.

Has anybody here seen Wooley,
Wooley with the red binding;
His color is red, but his print is back
And he is English, cover to back;
Has anybody here seen Wooley,
Wooley with the red binding;

Did you hear of that husky boy Rouse,
Who they say is bigger than a house;
But, nevertheless, he is wise,
For he got his pennant back, in spite of his size.

Senior to Freshie—"Say, kid there, key down will you."

Freshie—"Impossible, I am now pitched in B flat."

Miss Peckham in Browning Class—"What 'comforts while it mocks'?"

Mary—"A little dab of rain."

First student.—Why do the prisoners wear bars on those suits?

Dock. Kensler.—Why them's fur to show that they belong to the gymnasium class.

Heard at Senior Play Practice

"Here Mary, take this chair."
Mary—"Oh no, give me one with arms."
"Why, what is the matter with this?"
Mary—"Oh, I like the arms around me."

Ode to a Lemon Thrower

Lemons are cheap, so they say,
Throw them around while you may.
The price may rise any day.
So throw them around while you may.

M. D. B., '14.

Here's one that speaks a girl's raven hair.

Soph.—What's wrong with that?

Junior—Raven's don't wear hair; they wear feathers.

A citizen to one of the Freshmen.—"Do you like to go to High School?" "Yes, sir," replied the little one. "I like going and I like coming back. It is staying there between times that sticks me."

A Freshman translating in Latin—"Haec in Gallia est inportantus," Made it "Hike into Gaul; it's important."

First Student.—Who is that guy? That's Porter Kimball isn't it?
Second Student.—No. That's the high cost of living. (Porter is tall.)

Miss Peckham—Who was this man anyway?

Student—He's the guy that put the bunk on Bunker Hill.

Miss Peckham.—Name the different kinds of classes.

Student.—Why there are four classes. First, second, third and (swell lookng girl passes the door.) Some class there.

Alumnus walking from city.—Gee, the railroad just gave me a pass.

Second alumnus—They did? What for?

First—To walk the ties.

WHY SOME OF US COME TO SCHOOL

Alice Eastwood—To play for Glee Club.
Jack North—Because Harriet M. does.
E. Loucks—Just for meanness.
Glen. Poppleton—To look wise.
Victor Davis—Just to look at Katherine.
Irene Setzer—To play tennis.
Reg. Harcourt—To jolly Miss Peckham.
L. Freeman—To kill time.
Frances E.—To disturb the study hall.
Walter Mackey—To talk to the girls.
Harold Reed—To kid, Miss Peckham.
Etta Dyer—To startle the world in Geometry.
Marg. Moore—To annoy others.

Teacher—"Johnny, can you use the word 'Disguise' in a sentence?"

Johnny—"Yes, ma'am. 'Dis guys got me marbles.' "

Henrietta in English IV

"I can't read 'my mouth waters.' "
Inference—Been to Markov's.

Composition on a Lemon

There are many sorts and conditions of lemons, some are hard and sound and hurt most woefully; others are soft and strike you without you're noticing it. Some are sweet and some are sour.

M. D. B., '14.

Lives of football men remind us,
We can write our names in blood;
And departing leave behind us
Half our faces in the mud.
All good boys love their sisters
And so good have I grown
That I love other boys' sisters
As well as my own.

HOW OFTEN

"Hello,—Hello,—Hello! ! Hell-o" ! ! ! (5 min. later) Central—"Hello?"

"Confound it, are you just waking up from your winter's nap, give me my wife."

Central—"Your wife? Hang up, you're crazy."

"I tell you I want my wife. Hurry, or I'll report you."

Central—"Say, you bonehead, who would marry you, hang up."

"My wife works at that office and I want to speak to her at once, see."

Central (same voice)—"Oh! Dear, what did you want."

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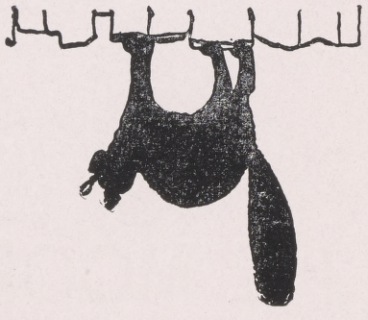

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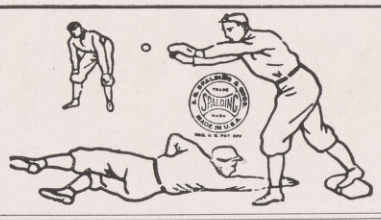

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